

MAY

1937

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



In This Issue .. REGINALD BIRCH .. LAURA BENÉT..
PAUL GILBERT .. CONSTANCE SAVERY .. MAUD and
MISKA PETERSHAM and others



"Oh boy- PIE!"

SAYS JACKIE COOPER
Famous Motion Picture Star

**And here's Peach Deep Dish—
a pie that's plenty "he-boy"
and a cinch to prepare**



Drain a large (No. 2½) can of Sliced Peaches and put the Peaches into 4 shallow ramekins, or individual casseroles. Over the Peaches in each ramekin sprinkle 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and a dash of nutmeg. Dot with bits of butter, and set aside while you make a top crust of biscuit dough:

1 cup flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
2 teaspoons baking powder		1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon nutmeg	1½ tablespoons shortening	

Sift the flour once before measuring, then sift again with the baking powder, salt, nutmeg and sugar. Cut in the shortening with a pastry blender, or work it in with the finger tips, until it is very well blended with the flour. Add the milk and stir well, then turn out onto a floured board, and pat into a neat ball. Now cut the ball of dough into four equal parts, and roll each piece separately to make a circle about $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick, and a little larger than the top of each ramekin. Lay the crust over the Peaches, and press the edges well against the sides of the casserole. Cut a few slits in the crust to let steam escape. Bake in a hot oven (450°) for 10 minutes, then at lower heat (350°) about 10 minutes longer, or until nicely browned. Serve warm, with cream.

FOR MOTHER: Write a letter to the California Canning Peach Industry, 509-Z Matson Building, San Francisco, California. Say, "Please send my mother a Peach Recipe Book." Write her name and complete address very carefully, then your own name and age.

California Canned
PEACHES



Sliced Peaches
Play the role
Of Hero in
A Casserole.
(Minor parts are played
by sugar, lemon juice,
nutmeg, salt and butter.)



Sift the dry
Ingredients
To save you
Inconvenience.
(Use mixing bowl. Work
in shortening as if you
were making biscuits.)



Roll out the dough
A quarter inch thin
Cut it to fit
Your Ramekin.*
(*Either a Casserole or
a Ramekin will do. Slit
the crust before baking.)



The Mocking Bird

Maurice Lesemann

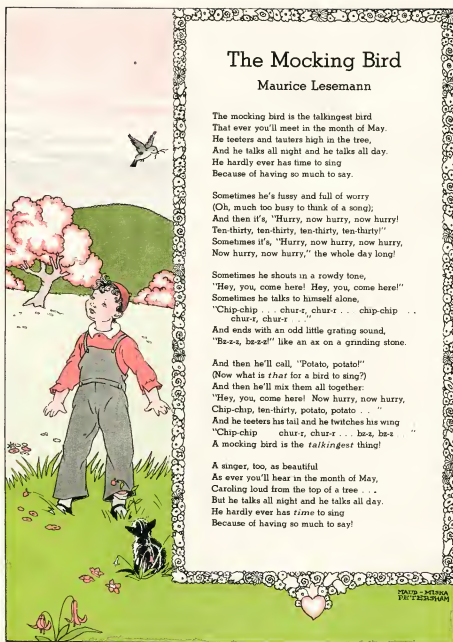
The mocking bird is the talkingest bird
That ever you'll meet in the month of May.
He teeters and tauters high in the tree,
And he talks all night and he talks all day.
He hardly ever has time to sing
Because of having so much to say.

Sometimes he's fussy and full of worry
(Oh, much too busy to think of a song);
And then it's, "Hurry, now hurry, now hurry!
Ten-thirty, ten-thirty, ten-thirty, ten-thirty!"
Sometimes it's, "Hurry, now hurry, now hurry,
Now hurry, now hurry," the whole day long!

Sometimes he shouts in a rowdy tone,
"Hey, you, come here! Hey, you, come here!"
Sometimes he talks to himself alone,
"Chip-chip . . . chur-r, chur-r . . . chip-chip
chur-r, chur-r . . ."
And ends with an odd little grating sound,
"Bz-z-z, bz-z-z!" like an ax on a grinding stone.

And then he'll call, "Potato, potato!"
(Now what is *that* for a bird to sing?)
And then he'll mix them all together:
"Hey, you, come here! Now hurry, now hurry,
Chip-chip, ten-thirty, potato, potato . . ."
And he teeters his tail and he twitches his wing
"Chip-chip chur-r, chur-r . . . bz-z, bz-z . . ."
A mocking bird is the *talkingest* thing!

A singer, too, as beautiful
As ever you'll hear in the month of May,
Caroling loud from the top of a tree . . .
But he talks all night and he talks all day.
He hardly ever has *time* to sing
Because of having so much to say!





TAP-TAP went the bright leaves on Joanna's window. "Get up," they said firmly, and Joanna's eyes opened suddenly and sharply. It was time; there was plenty for her to do. She was her father's son, the only messenger boy he had, and bent on an important errand. Jumping out of bed she poured cold water from a pitcher and bathed, pulled on stockings and skirts and plaited her hair. It was October and the air was nipping; but in and about the little town of Eynesburg in Germany the trees were turning crimson and gold.

In her hurry to get down the wooden stairs to help her mother dish out porridge she stumbled and fell. "Joanna," her father was calling. "Joan." He was already in his workshop. She ran there swiftly. In the center of the room, surrounded by scraps of wood, carving tools and pots of color, sat her father wrapping up something that he held carefully upon his knees and bent over as if he could barely see it.

"Father, I am ready."

Still he did not answer but took off his spectacles, wiped them, set them on his nose again, and, finally with a long sigh, gave the thing he had been holding into her hands. It was an oblong chest carved from walnut and covered with delicate tracery and figures. The little girl wondered as she looked at it, thinking that of all her father's work it was the most choice and lovely. The colors in it were rich and deep and it was big enough to hold a heavy bunch of keys.

"Oh Father, Father, it is beautiful, the prettiest of all your boxes."

"And probably the last I shall ever make," said her father sadly. "Go eat your breakfast, child! The way is long."

Joanna bobbed up and down before him like an excited manikin.

"And what shall I do when I reach Düsseldorf?" she asked plaintively.

"Master Fäger will go with you and show you the

The Box a Bee Crept In

And the Great Adventure
That It Brought Carl and
Joanna at the Guild Festival

By Laura Benét

way. If he cannot go, Carl will. Once in the town you will stay at your uncle's house for the night. But first deliver box and scroll at the Guild Hall in my name before you sleep."

"Shall you get the prize, my father?"

"That is as the good God wills."

"Yes, Father, and now come to breakfast."

Joanna's heart beat fast, not only because of her important errand. Was she not going to deliver her father's work at the Guild Hall where the Count himself was to give a prize for carving? But she was taking with her something as dear. All the time she swallowed her porridge her thoughts were racing.

As far back as Joanna Lindner could remember at all, she remembered her father's workshop. The



"The last chest I shall ever make," said her father sadly.

smell of the fragrant woods that took life and shape under his carving, the oil with which he rubbed them, the wonderfully fashioned pieces, the color that poured out of pots when her eager fingers knocked them over—all this beauty was far more fascinating than dolls or pets. So, instead of playing dolls, she had begged for the scraps of wood that fell under his bench and whittled them with a knife into rude doll furniture. In time she was noted in their neighborhood for the things that she could make.

Her father first taught her and her skill grew until he was proud of it. The fingers, with which she plucked geese, thumped pillows or helped her mother stir pots, became wonderfully deft when she touched wood. This summer there had been a great red flower unfolding its petals in their little garden. The curve of the petals, and their color so bewitched her that she copied it in wood. With such tools as she had and others begged from her father, she worked on a little oval box until it took on the likeness of an unfolding bud. Colored red, it held all the joy of the woods. When the light caught it, it gleamed like the flower. She had lost much sleep from her box bed with its gay quilt to finish her work.

"All my secrets are in you," she whispered at night when she shut it tight into the wall cupboard.

Carl helped. Carl Muller was her friend and they played and squabbled together in and out of school. "Carl, wilt not make me a key for my box?" she asked one day, catching at his sleeve.

"How do you not know, Joan, that I'll not set a mouse to gnaw a hole out of your precious box? That will make the key fit all the easier," he teased.



"Canst not," said the guard sternly to Joanna.

She boxed his ears and ran away down the street. But in spite of his red ears he ran after her and overtook her. "Joan, wait, just wait!" he called good-naturedly. "As sure as my father is the best silversmith hereabouts, I'll make you the finest key in Eynesburg!"

Carl's father had stronger eyes than Joanna's, though he did do such fine work on watches and bracelets and rings, and Carl had been taught by him. The thought that her father's eyes were dimming made Joanna very sad. He needed so much to win the Count's prize and receive a badge naming him as the best woodcarver and painter in the countryside. Many carvings he had made of late were good enough; but the color was put on unevenly and uncertainly. On the chest she had seen this morning, however, the color was clear and strong like a last flare of sunset.

And Carl had made the key for her box! When he brought it back, she had dragged him up to her room. "Hide it, hide it! Oh, Carl, where didst think of a bee?"

Carl flushed with pleasure. "See, Joan, he nibbles at the flower," he said, setting the box on the table. Into the center of a petal he had fitted an ingenious little lock, the scutcheon of which was shaped exactly like a bee—and the key that went into it was like the sharp sting.

Taking his hand, she said, "I'll tell you another secret, Carl," and she talked softly into the very ear she had boxed so hard a few days before. "I shall carry my box to the shop that the pretty girl keeps on the Street of the Lindens in Düsseldorf. She will sell it for me. Then I can buy Father a new pair of spectacles."

"Spectacles? To see colors as well as you see them? Pf!" said Carl, scoffing. "Your father's eyes are too old. He will never see better than he does now."



They sat by the roadside and nibbled their titchoon

"But he is master carver in Eynesburg and all the neighbors know it," flashed his daughter.

"Now did I say that he was not?" answered Carl. "Be not such a pepper pot, Joan."

And so the box was made, ready to go with Master Lindner's chest to Düsseldorf.

Master Fäger had rheumatism in his feet. It was Carl after all who was to go with her, and the two plodded along the road in the autumn sunlight, swinging between them a covered basket holding the walnut chest. Nestled beside it under covering was the red box—the flower box with the bee sleeping in it. Joan had smuggled it in at the last minute beside their lunch of bread and cheese, cakes and milk.

The forest paths were lonely and the children had been told to keep to the road. "Maybe, Joan," said Carl with the caution of eleven years—he was one year older than she—"some wagon going to town for the festival will pick us up. 'Tis only five miles."

But either the travelers were too intent on their own business or thought that two children and a heavy basket would be a needless load, for men on horseback clattered past, carts rattled by and nags in cart shafts snorted, yet none thought of saving two pairs of short and weary legs. Tired and hungry, Carl and Joanna began to nibble at the luncheon as they sat by the roadside and watched the birds.

A galloping sound came along the highway. A red-faced farmer driving a pair of strong horses was almost upon them before they could scramble aside to avoid being kicked. Over went the basket as a large dog came leaping up as he smelt sausage.

"Oh, Father's chest will have its vines knocked off and my box will be broken in two," shrieked Joanna. But the cart's owner did what others before him had not done; he stopped the horses.



Carl and Joanna plodded along the road.

"Wilt ride to Düsseldorf with the grain sacks, if there it be that you are going?" he said with a broad smile. "But be quick."

The chest of the master carver was put back into the basket and handed to the driver; then he and Carl swung Joanna up between them to a snug, empty corner between the huge sacks. Carl took a flying leap and landed beside her. In their bustle and hurry they did not notice that Joanna's cherished box lay unseen on the grass, having rolled out of its nesting place. The man cracked his whip, the horses trotted, Carl put his arm about his friend to steady her, and her head nodded to the tune he whistled. As she dozed and woke and dozed again, she heard the farmer say,

"Art going to the Guild Hall, boy? I hear tell of much bidding for a box, a fine box to hold the keys of the city when the Count comes tomorrow."

The keys of the city! What did that mean?

"Wake up, Joan! Here we are!" said Carl's excited voice. The cart stood in front of a great building and dark was falling. As they climbed down awkwardly and thanked the farmer, a porter at the door laid a large, firm hand on Carl's shoulder.

"Only those may enter who submit their work as craftsmen," he said, puffing.

Carl spoke up, stoutly, "We be the son and daughter of craftsmen. My father is Master Muller, the silversmith, and she is the daughter of Master Lindner of Eynesburg whose work we bring."

And Joanna took from her blouse her father's scroll. The clouds cleared from the porter's face. "Go forward to the hall—in front there." He pointed.



Joan whispered of it to her aunt.

The crowd was thick as flies on a hot, rainy day. Clinging to each other and to the big, much jostled basket, Carl and Joanna at last reached the end of the hall. Here a sharp-faced man in a robe trimmed with fur stood on guard by a table where were heaped carved articles of every kind and color. In spite of their beauty he looked sour and cross. Carl again made his little speech. Drawing the basket toward him, the official, saying nothing, lifted out the walnut chest, took the scroll that Joan, even in her fright, did not forget to give him, and slammed back the empty basket.

"Come, let us be quick. I'm so hungry. Aren't you?" cried Carl, boylike and ready to dash out of a side door. But at that minute, Joan remembered her box. She opened and peered into the basket, her spirits sinking. In a flutter she ran back to the great table where the gruff guard stood.

"My own box, my little box! Good sir, let me look inside my father's chest for it."

"Canst not," said the guard sternly. "All work once given is under the seal of the city's protection."

"Oh, but I must. What can have happened to it? Oh, Carl, what shall we do?"

A group of three or four competitors came crowding up to the table, pushed Joanna to one side and drowned out her cry completely. Carl sensibly led her away and they took the street that led to her uncle's. She said not a word but cried all the way, big salt, silent tears. "Oh, my box, my box that I loved so much with its key and lock like the bee," every one of her sobs said.

"Tell your uncle. He will think of something to do."

"No, no."

Joanna's aunt and uncle thought the two children looked tired and set them down to a fine supper.

"Tomorrow you shall see the great procession, Joan," said her kind aunt, wondering at her tear-stained face. "The Count will ride in it and before the prize is given, the Burgomaster and men of the town will welcome him at the city gate and ride back with him. At the Guild Hall they will give him the keys of the city on a satin cushion."

"But wherefore?" faltered the little girl.

"To show him that Düsseldorf and all that is in it are his to take," answered her uncle shortly, stroking his beard.

But Carl was so excited in hearing about the trappings that the horses and the Count's men at arms would wear that she said no more about the lost box. But that night she cried herself to sleep. Next morning she whispered of it to her aunt and was told, "Your uncle will help you, Joan; only wait until today is over."

"If it is lost, lost, I cannot sell it in the Street of the Lindens."

"Dear child, it is gone, no doubt—picked up by some passing peddler. Thou must have left it by the roadside."

In a flash it came to Joanna that this was what had happened. The whole gorgeous pageant of the day was spoiled for her. But her uncle's household and all the city were gay and [Continued on page 222]



Soon back children knelt before the Count "Will give it to me, Joanna?" he said.

A Visitor From the Circus

Surprising Things Happen When
Hunny and Maurice Bring Home
a Giraffe

By Edith Mason Armstrong

Author of "The Mason Children," etc



The most extraordinary sight met the boys' gaze

THAT the boys should earn their own pocket money was one of the rules in the Mason family, and Hunny and Maurice Mason had worked hard hoeing the garden so that they might walk into Delavan village that afternoon and enjoy a glass of soda water.

The two boys had almost reached the outskirts of the little town when they decided to climb a tall board fence and take a short cut across a field. Just as they were about to spring down on the other side the most extraordinary sight met their gaze—a small tent and, lying down in front of it, tethered to a post, nothing more nor less than a young giraffe!

It was the kind of animal they would least have expected to find in that farm country, and the two boys opened their eyes in amazement. "Whe-ew!" they whistled and, turning, asked each other the same question: "Where do you suppose that came from?"

As if to answer, a man appeared in the door of the tent—the sort of man who might have been described as a "circus hand." He held onto the tent pole as if to steady himself. He looked rather sick.

The man proved good tempered enough, however, and when the boys repeated their question, told them that the giraffe belonged to a small circus company,

that it had been ill, and as he himself was taken sick at almost the same time, that both he and the animal had been left behind. He was to take care of it until it was able to travel. "The critter went and got well before I did." He grinned. "I'm goin' to take him on to join the rest of the show in a day or two, when I get all slept up and feeling better."

The boys jumped down from the fence and rather hesitatingly approached the unusual-looking animal with its tawney-colored sides divided off into dark velvet patches, its long spotted neck with the deer-like head at the end of it.

As they came up the creature regarded them curiously without any sign of fear in its soft black eyes.

"It won't hurt you," the sick man told them. "They're trainin' it for a trick giraffe and it's quite tame!"

The boys found this to be true, for the giraffe let them stroke its neck. But Hunny thought that it looked thin and neglected, and when the man gave him permission, he filled a bucket at a brook near-by, and offered the animal water.



Nothing more nor less than a young giraffe



Not understanding that he was the cause of the panic, Patches stretched his neck farther over the railing

The creature drank thirstily and it was evident that its keeper had been more interested in supplying his own wants than the giraffe's.

Hunny, who could never bear to see an animal ill-treated, felt sorry for this one. A plan suggested itself to him.

"Would you like to have us take the giraffe home with us and keep him in our barn until you're ready to take him back to the circus?" he asked. "We could feed and water him for you, if you like?"

This idea seemed to appeal to the man who sat down suddenly in the sun-warmed grass, stretched himself, and put his head on his arm as if preparing to take a nap.

"All right," he yawned, "you kin take him along with you if you want, but bring him back day after tomorrow; I'll be ready to move by then!"

Amazed to find themselves, thus easily, the temporary owners of a real, live circus animal, Hunny and Maurice took hold of the rope attached to the giraffe's neck, and started back down the road toward their home.

"Who would ever believe such a thing!" Hunny said to his brother. "An' won't the rest of the family be surprised when they see what we're bringin' back from town!"

"He follows along as nicely as any horse!" Maurice said, looking up admiringly at the young giraffe's lofty head. "What do you think we'd better name him, Hunny? Seems as if we should call him something when he's comin' to visit us!"

After a little discussion the two finally agreed on "Patches" as the most appropriate name for the queerly marked creature.

The boys did not think of it as they trudged along the dusty highway, but it was really lucky that they happened to meet no one, for their new pet might

have created too much of a sensation. How true this was they discovered when the little procession reached the bridge over the stream which was the outlet of Lake Delavan.

It was high noon and the sun was warm. The giraffe's escort became convinced that the creature was again in need of water and they led him down to the ford beside the bridge to have a drink.

It was unfortunate that, just as Patches finished drinking and raised his head, one of the busses from a hotel on the lake should have happened to pass over the bridge. It was late for the noon train to the city, and Mr. Barlow, the old, white-bearded driver, was urging his stout horses along at a good pace.

For this reason perhaps, or because of the clouds of dust, the passengers did not clearly see what happened. All they knew was that, just as they crossed the bridge, an enormous head with strange ears and horns, its black muzzle dripping with water and attached to a body which seemed to have no end, reared itself above the rail.

A bedlam of terrified yells and shrieks arose, but Mr. Barlow, intent on his team, had not himself seen the apparition; and the bus rattled on its way without any of his passengers being able to convince him that they had seen a sea-serpent in Delavan Lake outlet.

The boys, standing by the ford below the bridge, had taken in this incident without themselves being seen by the occupants of the bus. Although they could not help laughing, it made them feel that it would be better if Patches had less publicity.

They decided to take him home by way of a woodland road branching off from the main highway, but they had not gone far when their hopes of privacy were dashed.

(Continued on page 230)

Bertram and the Winged Horse, Pegasus

Bertram Has Another Exciting Adventure When He Tries to Fly

By Paul T. Gilbert

Author of "Bertram and His Funny Animals" etc.



ONE day, Ginny Banning came running over to Bertram's house all out of breath, to say that there was a winged horse in the vacant lot near the Crowley's, drinking from a little spring.

"He's just like the winged horse in my picture-book," said Ginny. "Maybe, if we could catch him, he would give us a nice ride."

So Bertram got a rope, and went with Ginny over to the vacant lot to see whether the winged horse was still there.

He was. He was the loveliest white horse you ever saw, with eyes like jewels, nostrils like scarlet carnations, a silky mane and tail, and beautiful snow-white wings growing out of his shoulders.

Bertram tiptoed up behind him, and before the horse could fly away, he had the rope around his neck. The horse seemed rather wild at first, and snorted and pawed the earth. And wherever his hoofs struck the ground, a little stream of water bubbled out. Bertram led the horse home all right, though, and fed him some carrots.

Ginny asked the horse, "Is your name Pegasus? Because, if it is, then you're the very horse that's in my picture-book." And the horse said, yes, that was his name.

"Well," said Bertram, "will you take me for a ride?"

"Doesn't the little girl want to come, too?" asked the horse.

"Oh, I'd like to very much," said Ginny. "But I guess Bertram can go first if he wants to." Ginny was always nice and generous like that.

"Yes," said Bertram, "we'll take turns."

"About that ride, now," said the horse, "it all depends. Some can ride me, and some can't. But climb up anyhow, and we'll see."

So Bertram climbed up on the horse's back, and Ginny boosted him. He hung on to the horse's mane and said, "Get ap."

But the horse only stamped on the ground, and on the place where he had stamped, a little stream of water came. And the horse drank it.

Then Bertram dug his heels into the horse's ribs

with all his might and said, "Get ap," again loudly.

At this, the horse jerked up his head and, with the water dripping from his mouth, said, "No; that isn't the way to do it."

"What is the right way then?" asked Bertram, for he was a little mortified at not being able to show off better before Ginny.

"Why, you'll have to make up poetry," replied the horse. "Nobody can ride me, you know, unless he is a poet."

"But how do you make up poetry?" asked Bertram.

"Oh, there are any number of ways," replied the horse. "One way is to begin with 'O.' 'O stream

descending to the sea,'—like that, you know. It's easy enough when you get started. My little Greek friends never had much trouble, and I took them on some very wonderful rides. Well, can't you think of anything to 'O'?"

Bertram thought and thought, and finally he thought of ice cream cones and lollipops.

"Well, 'O' them then," said the horse, "and see what happens. Hurry up; I'm waiting."

So Bertram began:

"O ice cream cones and lollipops."

But the winged horse didn't budge. "Yes, yes," he said.

"Go on. That isn't a poem yet."

It's only the first line. What about your ice cream cones and lollipops?"



"Why, we eat them, I suppose," said Bertram. "That's the only thing to do with ice cream cones and lollipops." But he felt pretty silly sitting up there on the horse and not being able to make him "get ap."

"Maybe you're not so good at your 'O' poetry," said the horse. "Why not let the little girl try it? Maybe she can think of what comes next."

So Bertram, much to his chagrin, slid down and let Ginny climb up. And he didn't give her a boost, either. Ginny put a pudgy finger to her brow, and said:

"O ice cream cones and lollipops!

O soda fountains and candy shops!

At the very first line, the horse's wings began to flutter, and it looked as if he were going to rise from the ground.

"Hi! Wait for me!" cried Bertram. "I want to go, too."

So the horse stood still while Bertram scrambled up behind Ginny and held on to her waist.

"That started off fine," said the horse. "I guess we're going somewhere now. Let's have the rest." So Ginny went on:

"We save our pennies, one by one,

Then to the candy shop we run. . ."

"That's dandy," said the horse. And he began to flap his wings. Suddenly the ground seemed to be spinning, and they were soaring over the big cottonwood tree. "If you keep on like that," said the horse, "we'll be up in the clouds in no time."

So Ginny, thinking as hard as she possibly could, finished:

"And, filling up on these delights,

Spoil our for-dinner appetites."

Then she announced, "That's all."

Her brain had begun to feel a little dizzy.

"Not bad for a beginner," said the horse. "Even a Greek couldn't have done better." Then, spiraling down, he brought the children safe to earth and asked them how they liked the ride.

Ginny said it was just fine, but Bertram wasn't so enthusiastic. He was still put out because it was Ginny, and not he, who had made the horse go, and because he had had to take the back seat.

"Let me try it now," said Bertram.

"All alone, I mean."

So Ginny, like a good little girl, slid off.

"All right then," said the horse. "Have you thought up some poetry?"

"No, not yet," said Bertram. "How shall I begin?"

"Well, you know some words that rhyme, don't you? Words like 'boy' and 'joy' or 'blue' and 'true.' Just make a sentence out of them."

"All right," said Bertram. "Listen:

"Once there was a little boy,

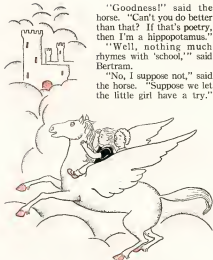
Only he didn't have much joy;

He had to go to dancing school,

And all the folks said he was such a fool. . . ."

"Get ap. Why don't you go?"

For the horse, who hadn't budged a bit, had burst out laughing.



"Goodness!" said the horse. "Can't you do better than that? If that's poetry, then I'm a hippopotamus."

"Well, nothing much rhymes with 'school,'" said Bertram.

"No, I suppose not," said the horse. "Suppose we let the little girl have a try."

Bertram had to make room for Ginny up in front again. He wanted another ride, of course, even if he himself couldn't make the winged horse go. So Ginny squinted up her forehead, and began:

"Once there was a little boy,

And all his world was filled with joy;

To dancing school his steps were bent."

Right away, the winged horse was off again. Around and around, higher and higher they went, until the trees looked like green sponges, and the church steeple like a paper cornucopia, and the winding river like a silver thread. And Ginny, though she was getting a headache, went right on with her poem:

"To dancing school his steps were bent,

And, as to dancing school he went,

With other little girls and boys,

He learned nice manners and—good poise."

The last line was the hardest one of all for Ginny, and she felt relieved when she had made it rhyme so nicely. Only her whole brain was aching by this time.

Then the horse said, "There, you see, Bertram."

"It's no fair," said Bertram. "Every time she says some poetry, you fly, but when I make up some, you stand still."

They were floating around lazily up in the clouds now, and everything was white and misty. And, beyond a sea of blue, a great cloud castle towered. A moment later, they were soaring through its lofty halls, and, as the horse spread out his wings and glided, he said, "That was certainly a nice poem. Can you make up one about the fairies or the moon?"

"Well, maybe I could make up one about a bear,"



said Ginny, hesitatingly. "No. Let me do it," said Bertram. And the horse said, "Well, let's hear you then."

So Bertram began:

*"One time there was a
great big bear,
And children he did love
to scare. . . ."*

But that was as far as he could get. Suddenly, to his dismay, he noticed that the horse was falling. They were tumbling so fast that the earth just seemed to rush up at them. And Bertram saw that they were going to fall right in the middle of the mill pond. So he shouted to Ginny, "Make up your best poem quick."

"I can't," said Ginny. "I've got a headache."

Bertram was beginning to hold his breath and brace himself for the big splash, when he heard Ginny's voice pipe up:

*"Once there was a great big bear,
And his name was Jim,
And none of the little boys and girls
Was ever scared of him."*

They weren't falling quite so fast now, and the horse, who had folded up his wings, was flapping them again. Bertram, who was scared out of his wits, but who had forgotten his ill feeling, cried, "Think fast, Ginny. Think of another verse."

And Ginny, leaning over and talking into the horse's ear as if it were a speaking tube, went on:

*"He had a red velocipede
That rode him round and round,
And a pair of stilts that walked him
More 'n a mile above the ground."*

Their mad descent had stopped now, and they were soaring up into the sky again as Ginny, though her head ached terribly, announced the third verse:

*"He used to spend his pennies
Far ice cream and soda pop,
And every day he'd find his way
To the penny candy shop."*

"Bravo!" cried the horse. "And just for that, I'm going to take you for a real ride. See that thunder cloud up there? We'll go and take a look at it, and see the lightning flash and hear the thunder roll close up. It'll be better than the Fourth of July. What do you say?"

If Bertram and Ginny had had anything to say, they couldn't have said it, because the horse was flying so fast that their words would have been blown away before they could have got them out of their mouths.

Up and up they went, and on and on. The big black thunder cloud drew nearer. They could see it now, all vivid with lightning, and the thunder seemed to be crashing in their very ears. Finally the cloud seemed to explode with a terrific bang, and

the children thought the world was coming to an end. Ginny began to wish that she had never made up the bear poem, but a moment later they were sliding down a rainbow, and the horse was saying, "How was that, now, for a thunder clap?" And Bertram managed to gasp out that it was pretty good.

Then, before they realized it, they were back in Bertram's yard again, wet to the skin, but with solid ground once more under their feet. The horse was nowhere to be seen.

As they picked themselves up, Bertram's mamma ran out, holding an umbrella.

"Where on earth have you two been?" she said.

[Continued on page 224]



The Boy With Magic in His Head

The True Boyhood Story of a Great Inventor

By Mabel Ansley Murphy

MAGIC! That belongs to Fairyland, you say. Not so. It is here, in our everyday world. Wizards walk the streets of our dusty cities or dwell far from men by green lanes and grassy foot-paths. And many a boy, who today is swimming in summer, skating in winter and going to school long months every year, will grow up to do more wonderful things than any magician between the pages of any fairy book.

This is the story of such a boy. Not so very many years ago he lived in a little country village and played with the village boys and went to a little schoolhouse. He was a "Why" boy. He asked, "Why?" about everything.

He asked his mother many questions about right and wrong. "Is it ever right to tell a lie? How can we know that God hears our prayers? Must I always do exactly as the teacher tells me? Why do we go to church and Sunday school?"

He asked his father questions about the wonderful world that we live in. "Why do we say the sun rises and sets when it does not rise and set? What makes some brooks seem to run uphill? When you strike a stone against a stone where does the spark come from?"

And so on and so on from the time he got up in the morning until he went to bed at night. Of course, asking questions is one way—and a very good way—of learning about the things around us and about the way to live. His mother knew this. His father knew it. But—perhaps because they could not always give the right answer—sometimes they got tired of answering questions. There were so many of them.

The boy's teacher became so impatient that finally he said, "This boy is a dunce!"

The boy's mother said, "My son is not a dunce. I will teach him at home, and you will see that he can learn just as well as any other boy."

So she taught him at home. She was gentle and

patient and he did learn. He began to be interested in chemicals which could answer some of his "Whys." So his mother let him gather together all the bottles he could find and put in them such chemicals as he had money to buy. These bottles he kept in neat rows on shelves in the cellar, and he spent many a happy hour making experiments. The magic in his head was working just as it had been working when he kept asking, "Why?"

The magic didn't keep him out of danger. Perhaps sometimes it pushed him in. Once when he was very small, he lay flat on his stomach and leaned far out over the bank of the canal that ran in front of his home. He wanted to watch the queer, wriggly things that lived in the bottom of the canal. Farther

and farther over he leaned until at last in he went, ker-flop! If some one had not been at hand to pull him out that would have been the end of him and his magic.

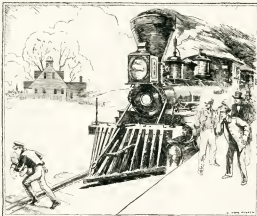
Another time he tried to build a fire with which to make some experiments. But the fire didn't stay in the corner of the barn where he built it. It grew and grew. Men put it out, and the boy's magic did not save him from being whipped in the public square as an example to other boys.

Neither did it save him from making mistakes. One day he reasoned, "Seidlitz powders fizz. If a boy took a lot of seidlitz powders they would fizz so inside of him that he would be lighter than air. Then he could fly."

He explained this to the boy who worked for his father and the boy said, "Let me try. I'd like to fly."

The boy with the magic wanted to try it himself, but he was always kind and generous, so he said, "All right. Go ahead!"

The big boy took the powders. But when they began to fizz, instead of flying, he lay down on the ground and squirmed with pain. [Continued on page 238]



Adventures in Candle Street

What Happens to the Four Children After
the Great Fan Exhibition Burns Up

By Constance Savery

Author of "Pippin's House," etc.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

William and Elizabeth Godden are frequent visitors at the home of Mr. Ned Fane who lives across the street from them in Candle Street. They think he is a very wonderful person, for he is always kind and understanding with children and he is an artist at making beautiful fans. His eight-year-old brother, Oliver, who lives with William and Elizabeth and is their best friend, attends Mrs. Trusty's school with William and Elizabeth and is their best friend. Lady Moonshine, as everyone calls nine-year-old Cynthia Delphine, also is staying with him while her mother and father are in India. Moonshine is very spoiled and used to having her own way and she has absolutely refused to live with wealthy Mrs. Hoddesdon, her godmother, as was originally planned. Though this is not Mr. Ned's fault, Mrs. Hoddesdon, who has always been one of his best friends and customers, now becomes very angry with him. As for mischievous Lady Moonshine, she adores him, as do the other children, and she tries to be good, so long as he is around.

At Mrs. Trusty's school, though, she is always tyrannizing over the other children and getting into scrapes. And when Mr. Ned is called away to see Miss Fanny, his younger sister who is ill, Lady Moonshine forgets all about her promise to be good. When Cherry Throwhawke, the housekeeper, refuses to allow her and Oliver to go to the Gypsy fair, because she does not think that Mr. Ned would approve, Lady

Moonshine decides to go anyway. In order to get enough money to go to the fair, she holds an exhibition of Mr. Ned's fans, which the pupils of Mrs. Trusty's school pay threepence to see. Lady Moonshine has decorated Mr. Ned's workshop with candles and Japanese lanterns for the occasion. As soon as the exhibit is over, the four children rush off to the Gypsy fair, which they enjoy greatly. But hours later, when they arrive home, they find to their dismay that while they have been gone, Mr. Ned's workshop has caught fire from the Japanese lanterns; the fans, his entire stock in trade, have burned up. The four children hide on the beach in a bathing-box, waiting for Mr. Ned to come home and discuss the situation. "All that we can do," says Lady Moonshine at last, "is to run away."

Part V, Chapter IX To Seek Our Fortunes

RUN away!" faltered William and I. "Yes, run away!" said Lady Moonshine, stamping her foot. "You and Will need not come unless you like, but Oliver and I must run away. If Mr. Ned is ruined, he will have no money to spare for feeding us. And as we have ruined him, it is only just that we should go away at once and take care of ourselves in future. Besides, if we go away, we may be able to earn some money to pay Mr. Ned for the fans. I have a good plan. There's a big seaport only twenty miles off along

the sands. We will walk on till we come to it, and then we will hire ourselves out as cabin boys. There's a little tiny cabin boy in my papa's yacht who earns plenty of money. We could earn money, too, in other yachts and save it up and give it to Mr. Ned."

"But you and Elizabeth are girls," objected William.

"A cabin girl is every bit as good as a cabin boy," insisted Lady Moonshine; "that needn't bother us. Now, are you two coming? Oliver and I must start this minute."

We hesitated.

"I think that you ought to come back and face the row first," said William in a plain and stolid way. "You know that if you and Oliver go off, Elizabeth and I will get into the scrape all alone which is very unfair. You could go off afterwards, when the rowing had been properly shared out."

"Mr. Ned does not row people," said Lady Moonshine.

"No, but my papa does," said William, with warmth.

Lady Moonshine sat still and silent, her fair eyebrows drawn into a hard frown of thought.

"I can't come back," she said at last.

"You're a mean girl!" snapped William. "Come, Elizabeth."

"Oh, Will, not without Oliver and Moonshine!" I sobbed. "They were the worst, and we shall get into such terrible disgrace if they are not there!"

"You had better come with Oliver and me," said Lady Moonshine. "We will earn more money that way."

All this time Oliver had not spoken once; he was leaning against the door of the bathing-box in dumb, awful terror. But when Lady Moonshine took his hand to pull him down the steps, he obeyed without resistance.

I think that at the back of our minds we knew quite well that we ought not to go. If Oliver was past thought, William and Moonshine and I were in full possession of our wits. But it seemed daring and romantic to run away to earn money instead of going tamely home to face deserved punishment. And besides, William and I were honestly afraid to face our papa and the whole of our little world without the two chief culprits. William thought for a short time; and then, with a very sour look on his face, he climbed down the steps of the bathing-box and signed to me to follow Lady Moonshine.

So we set out on our journey into the world.

It was not a pleasant journey. We were miserable and fearful, dreading to be captured and brought back, ignorant of how



The light fell on Oliver's face. He shrank back



We set out on our journey into the world, dreading to be captured and brought back

we might fare in the seaport town where we meant to seek our fortunes. William walked with his face bent and his mouth tight. Lady Moonshine marched with her out-colored head held high and her lips pressed together. She was holding Oliver firmly by the hand. As we stumbled along, I looked at him and wondered whether any one could be more wretched than he. His cheeks were bleached like white parchment; his lips were moving and quivering. When I saw him, I wanted to cry.

It grew darker and darker. We were far

from the town, now, walking silently by the sea, which splashed in a gentle, monotonous way on our left side. The moon lighted us faintly; we could see our way, not without stumbling. Behind us, red and yellow stars, shone the windows of St. Barnabas Green. We were alone in a lonely place, where the sea wind rustled among the marsh reeds and sighed over the long low cliffs.

And I began to think of my dear mamma who had gone away so trustingly, not knowing that her Elizabeth would first help to

arrange a wicked Fan Exhibition and would then be seen among Rumping Mollies at a Gypsy fair. To think that I should never see dear Mamma again, never sit on the stool worked in red and blue cross-stitch, working at my sampler while she lay on the sofa and read aloud to me from "The Young Misses' Book," held so elegantly between her fingers! My mamma had a pretty way of holding a book, and her rings were pretty, too—garnets, rubies, and diamonds.

At these sad thoughts the tears rolled



"Oh, I am sorry, I am, I am!" she cried

faster and faster down my cheeks until I was in an agony of silent crying. But even then I did not suggest that we should retrace our steps. I knew that we must go on and on to the end of the world.

At last we came to a part of the shore where the sea ran sharply inward, so that we had to leave the sand and the pebbly ridge and climb over some large boulders. This was hard to do in the dim light.

"I've caught my foot," Oliver cried out sharply. "I can't get free!"

We scrambled to him. His foot had slipped between two masses of rock; it was tightly wedged. All his struggles, all our help, all Lady Moonshine's commands and beated scoldings, were in vain.

Tired out, we stood gazing at the weeping Oliver.

"We shall have to wait here till the morning," said Lady Moonshine. "We can't leave him alone."

"It's my opinion," said William in surly tones, "that one of us ought to stop here with Oliver while the other two go home and—tell Mr. Ned. The coach must have reached St. Barnabas Green by this time. If Oliver stays here for the night, he will freeze and die. You know he isn't strong."

"Nobody cares for your opinion!" said Lady Moonshine.

"If you won't fetch Mr. Ned, I will!" said William. "Just you look at Oliver."

Lady Moonshine looked and looked again. Her little face was white and stern in the moonlight, but as she looked at Oliver it softened and became for the first time full of pity.

"But Mr. Ned wouldn't let Oliver come home now!" she said. "We have ruined him, Oliver and I."

And that was what we all felt. Our wild deed had cut us off forever from our old life in Candle Corner; and in spite of the care and kindness lavished on us by Papa and Mamma and Mr. Ned, it seemed to us quite a natural thing that they should

cast us off completely and for always. We had been wicked, so wicked that nobody would or could ever speak to us again.

"Well, I think that we ought to try," said William in a dismal voice that sounded as though it came out of his boots. "Which of us shall go home to tell him—you or I?"

Lady Moonshine straightened herself. Her fingers shut and clenched over the palms of her hands.

"I will," she said.

"Suppose I ought to go with you," said William. "Girls can't run about alone. Elizabeth, you stay here and take care of Oliver."

I would much rather have gone in company with Lady Moonshine and William, but I knew that Oliver could not be left. So I climbed onto a flat piece of rock near Oliver and took his clammy hand into mine and tried to comfort him. Oliver did not understand where the others had gone, and he cried dreadfully for fear they might bring back sister Meg or our papa. Nor did he seem to be comforted when I told him that Mr. Ned would send somebody to set him free.

"I burnt up all the fans," he said again and again. And he crouched shivering in his light summer blouse against the rock.

The moon was blotted out behind black clouds. Soon the wind thrilled with such strange noises among the rocks and sea grass that we clung to each other, afraid; and we said our prayers together, asking for forgiveness through the grace, mercy, and tenderness of God's only Son. I remember how sweet and solemn the words were, whispered there in the cold of night, with dark shapes and shadows about us. "Amen" had barely been said when a star of light pierced the blackness.

"Look, Oliy," I said; "there's a lantern. It might be Jonas Dardle sent to look for us." Jonas Dardle was the odd-joh man of the town.

"It might be a wicked robber," returned Oliver, through chattering teeth. "They

come out at night; Cherry says so."

The lantern came nearer and nearer; it was swung high in air and flashed on the rocks; and we saw Mr. Ned looking at us.

I do not know what manner of look we had expected to see; but I know that what we did see banished the horrible vision of Mrs. Meg Meggotty's red, furious face. Mr. Ned was paler than usual, and his eyes were tired as from long hours of work at his fan; but there was no sign of anger or indignation to be seen. He smiled at us.

"Here is your cloak, Elizabeth," he said; and I saw that he was carrying my cloak and Oliver's coat. "Fasten it close—the night dews are falling. Now will you hold the lantern while I see what is the matter here?"

I held the lantern aslant at first; the light fell on Oliver's face instead of his trapped foot. He shrank back.

Mr. Ned laid his hand on the prisoner's shoulder.

"Come, Noll, don't wriggle," he said in an everyday voice. "Keep still while I try to move the rock, and draw your foot up quickly when I say, 'Now!'"

"I burnt up all the fans," said Oliver, speaking dreamily. "I forgot to put them in the press and blow out the paper lanterns. I burnt up all the fans."

"You must help to make some more, then," returned Mr. Ned in a composed and matter-of-fact way.

If Mr. Ned had brought anything to serve as a lever, it would have been easy to set Oliver free. Without such help, some minutes passed before he uttered a quick "Now!" that sent Oliver sprawling into safety. The rock fell back, and Mr. Ned set Oliver down on the flat boulder and examined the numbed and swollen foot.

"No bones broken; you'll be well tomorrow," he said, as Oliver clung to him, sobbing. He put his arm lightly round the boy, waited till poor Oliver's passion of tears had spent itself, and then helped him into his overcoat, buttoning it carefully under the chin with a gentleness that a woman could not have surpassed.

"Now we'll have some supper before we go home," he said, and he took from his pocket a flask and a parcel untidily rolled in brown paper. And instead of being dragged home hungry and tired and cold in our deep disgrace, Oliver and I sat on the rock with the horn lantern between us, eating our supper, which was what Cherry called "pieces of butter," roughly cut from the loaf and thickly smeared over, as if Mr. Ned had been in too great haste to consider appearances. No bread and butter ever tasted more delicious than that rock-supper bread, and the hot cocoa from the metal pot of the flask.

When we had licked the butter from our fingers and had drained the last satisfying drop from the flask, Mr. Ned lifted Oliver into his arms, bidding me take the lantern.

"Now we shall soon be at home," he said cheerfully; but it was a long time before we came to Candle Street that night. Although Oliver was small and slight, he was eight years old; and Mr. Ned could not carry him so far without resting more than once on the journey. As for me, my feet and arms and legs ached so sharply that I would have given much to be able to change places with Oliver. I could hardly contrive to stumble along with the lantern wobbling and wavering in my hand; and it was hard to make answer when Mr. Ned's



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kind young voice asked how I was getting on.

The lights of the town flickered and danced nearer and nearer; and at long, long last we left the sand strip by the sea, toiled over the pebble ridge, and came out at the junction of Sea Walk and Candle Street.

How sadly the wind moaned round the broken panes of Mr. Ned's workshop! The street was still wet and dirty from the tramping of many feet and the spilling of many pails; and glass and thick black soot lay on the flags. Oliver burst his face in his brother's coat, and I did not know which way to look.

We had not once asked after the welfare of William and Lady Moonshine, but we were not surprised to find them sitting in rigid silence, one on each side of the parlor fire. The corners of William's mouth were buttery, so it was easy to guess that Mr. Ned had met them on their homeward journey and had paused to hear their story and given them food and drink.

Mr. Ned laid Oliver down on the wooden settle by the fireplace and straightened himself with a sigh. Before he had time to speak, Cherry bounced into the room, followed by our nurse, who was wringing her hands and looking angrier than we had ever seen her look.

"Well, sir, so you've got them back safe, the naughty, troublesome, wicked little things!"

"Quite safe," said Mr. Ned. "It is too late for any scolding tonight. They must go to bed."

"Come you with me, Master William and Miss Elizabeth," said Nurse in the coldest and iciest voice we had heard in our lives. "I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, sir, for fetching of them home, which is more than they deserved. What their papa will think of this here Eskey Pad is more than I can tell!"

It was more than we could tell either, and our hearts sank low. Mr. Ned answered,

"Perhaps you had better leave me to tell Mr. Godden, Nurse." Nurse's face cleared. She curtsied politely.

"Thank you kindly, sir, I'm sure," she said.

We knew that Mr. Ned meant to make the telling as easy as he could. We bade him good night with many tears and grateful whispers.

As Nurse opened the door, a dismal yelling and howling was heard in the kitchen premises.

"That's Madgy Dutton, that is," said Nurse, with grim satisfaction. "Mrs. Throwhawke has locked her up in the coal-cellar for the night, which is where you did ought to be, too, all four of you. She come crying and booing home just before Mr. Fane set out to find you."

In her pleasure that one of us was getting her desserts, Nurse spoke a little too loud. Mr. Ned said, "I can't have that, Cherry. Let Madge out."

"I'll do nawthing of the kind!" snapped poor Cherry, goaded beyond bearing. "I niver h'ard such nonsense. Let her bide where she be."

Mr. Ned then took a candle and went himself to the kitchen. While Nurse lingered, overcome by curiosity, we heard him open the door and summon Madge. She came out crying and trembling.

"Oh, masster, I niver meant to do nawthing wrong. That was Lady Cynthia that made me do that, so that was. She

nip me cruel with her fingers time I don't obey ivery word she speak. Oh, masster, that were Lady Cynthia's blame."

"Hush; no tales," said Mr. Ned. "Lady Cynthia will tell me the whole story herself. Go into the larder and take some supper from the shelves, and then go to bed. No, I won't send you away."

He must have remembered that she was only a small girl, not much older than Lady Moonshine; for he took the trouble to lift the great black kettle from the hob and pour some hot water into a basin that she might wash her grimy face, all streaked and smeared with crying. Mr. Ned's love of order and cleanliness ever gave him a fastidious distaste for that which was dusty and unkempt.

Cherry, still fuming, had pulled Oliver to his feet. With shakes, lamentations, and caresses she drew him to the door, where they met Mr. Ned returning from the kitchen.

"Perhaps, sir, you'll be so good as to keep an eye on Lady Cynthia time I put Masster Oliver to bed first, that's just worn out the naughty, precious lamb. But Lady Cynthia's for all the world as dodgy as one of them there Walberswick eels; and so an' somebody doesn't keep with her the whole time, she'll run off again and bring fresh trouble."

"Very good, Cherry," said Mr. Ned, bending down to kiss Oliver's white cheek. "I'll stay here until you are ready."

He went back to the parlor and dropped wearily into a chair.

Lady Moonshine had not yet stirred or spoken; she had shaken her pale hair round her face, and her silver-grey eyes burned like live coals behind the veil. Her small

lips and chin were iron hard. I think that she was indeed planning to "run off again."

Mr. Ned looked at her.

"Well, Cynthia, aren't you going to tell me that you are sorry?" he asked.

And at that Lady Moonshine darted from her chair and flung herself into his arms.

"Oh, I am sorry, I am, I am!" she cried out passionately. "I will never be naughty again."

Chapter X

New Fans for Old

In the morning Mrs. Trusty met her pupils with a solemn face and a black cap on her head, so shocked and horrified was she by the news that had run like wildfire through the town on the previous night. There was no soul in St. Barnabas Green who had not heard the full tale of what Nurse called the Eskey Pad. And a very bad Eskey Pad it was, too!

I think that Mrs. Trusty had prepared a lecture for the school in general, but she did not deliver it. Perhaps the note in a fine hand lying on her table came from Mr. Ned with a request that she would spare us; or perhaps she was touched by the listless looks and subdued speech of Lady Moonshine and Oliver. However that may be, no word of reproof was spoken. She only wore the high black turban from morn till eve in the gravest way.

And three days later we had the lecture after Master Henry Oldham had played a sad trick with two spiders and an inkwell. The lecture was divided into three heads, which were written on the blackboard. They were:

Perfect Obedience to Parents and Guardians.



Master Henry was much perplexed by Mrs. Trusty's rebuke

Avoidance of Worldly Places of Amusement.

Perverse and Wayward Children a Plague to Society.

Poor Master Henry was much distressed to receive so severe a rebuke in public, in addition to being much perplexed by the second head of it. "I cannot understand," said he, "why Mrs. Trusty should speak of an inkwell as 'a worldly place of amusement.'"

Lady Moonshine said to us on the way home, "It was our scolding, of course; that's why it did not quite fit Henry. But pray do not tell him so!"

Apart from a lecture at second hand, William and I escaped lightly. Our papa and mamma returned home during school hours on the morning after the fire; and before we came back for the dinner-hour, Mr. Ned had explained to them about our visit to the Gypsy fair in the company of Lady Moonshine, Oliver, and Madgy Dutton. And although Mamma and Papa were naturally shocked and grieved to hear how ill we had behaved and how little we could be trusted, they yet kindly consented to forgive us at Mr. Ned's intercession.

I am afraid that Mr. Ned must have omitted to mention the part we had played in preparing the great Fan Exhibition; for on my mentioning it to my mamma some years later, she said in dismay, "Oh, Elizabeth, Elizabeth, we did not know that! How extremely shocking!"

But we children knew nothing of what he had said and what he had left unsaid; we were told that he had begged us off punishment, and we loved him heartily for that. When we heard our papa coming that day, we ran under our beds, but our fears, thanks to Mr. Ned, were unnecessary. Papa merely warned us never again to be led into mischief by that ill-behaved Cynthia Delphine.

His warning was not needed. After the night of the Fan Exhibition, Lady Moonshine was a different child. Something hard and cold had died out of her nature, and the tricky sprite had become almost loving and human. She took pains with her lessons and her needlework; she led no more wild pranks; and she had learned to copy Mr. Ned's wise tenderness to Oliver. For Oliver was slow in recovering from the shock of seeing his home in flames and from the terror of our flight. He was quieter and more timid than of old, content to sit for hours alone.

But Mr. Ned had other troubles. His stock in trade was gone, and gone too were the rosy hopes of orders and commissions from the people who were visiting the Fan Exhibition. He had Oliver, Fanny, and the old cousins to care for—and Mr. and Mrs. Meggotty's debts to pay.

He toiled unceasingly. Far into the night, hour after weary hour, he made fans. They were not the fans of old days, rich in silk and lace, tiffany and brocade. His new fans were cheap, fragile fans made of paper, but nothing flawed or crumpled was ever permitted to pass muster.

He kept his troubles gallantly to himself. We should never have known of them had it not been for the ominous whispers and rumors that flew over the town. When Papa and Mamma talked French at the table we knew that they were speaking of Mr. Ned.

My children longed to be able to help him in the grim losing battle that he fought with

poverty and despair. But we could do nothing. Papa did offer to lend him money, but Mr. Ned refused to take it. Both Papa and Mamma thought that he had done wisely.

"For if those Meggottys got wind of a loan, they would launch out into further extravaganzas on the strength of it," said they.

We wondered what Mrs. Hoddesdon thought. She passed him in the street without sign of recognition, save once, when she said to him loudly in the presence of several bystanders that he had not yet



sent in any of his bills. Mr. Ned answered by a bow.

"I did not know that Mrs. Hoddesdon owed you any money, brother Ned," said Oliver.

"Mrs. Hoddesdon owes me nothing," said Mr. Ned. "I once cleaned some discolored miniatures for her—but it was not a matter of business. Now that she is vexed with me, she perhaps does not wish to remember that she once accepted such a small service at my hands."

Oliver did not quite understand, but Lady Moonshine stamped her slender foot.

"Godmother is unkind and discourteous," she said. "Yes, prodigiously so!"

"We first gave her reason to be displeased with us, Cynthia," said Mr. Ned.

Lady Moonshine shrugged one shoulder petulantly and said no more. From that morning she tried harder than ever to be good. Her lessons were learned with still greater care and diligence, Oliver was kept happy, and she herself would sit patiently for hours in the workroom, sewing or reading. "It is company for Mr. Ned," she told us.

But her grey eyes saw more than he guessed. He kept his troubles to himself, as I have stated, but he could not keep her from noticing sundry changes in the house. At last in distress she drew William and me aside.

"Mr. Ned is selling things out of the house," she whispered. "All his work is not hard enough, though it is often three o'clock in the morning before he puts out the light in the workroom. So things have begun to disappear. His oak bookcase from the parlor went first, then some big bookcases in leather covers, then a beautiful chair, then his seal-ring—and now some of his father's pictures. Cherry Thro'hawk will not tell us what has become of them, but Oliver and I know."

"It is most dreadful," said William and I.

"But he needs materials for his fans," said Lady Moonshine. "Godmother has a great trunk full of the loveliest things imaginable that she had when she was young; but she does not use them now because she says that a vain old woman is an insufferable creature. There's lace—point de fee, foamy and cobwebby as if fairies had made it; point russe, with rosebuds in it; lace of Mechlin, Cluny, Valenciennes, and all the other laces. There's silk from China, thick creamy silk with figures and leaves and flowers woven on it. There's satin and brocade and tiffany and wonderful feathers and glittering stones and shells. I peeped into it once. And before she had a quarrel with my papa she told him that she had left it in her will to young Ned Fane! I expect she has scratched those words out of her will now, but she did put them in once!"

"What a pity!" said I.

"And I can't do anything," said poor Lady Moonshine, sighing deeply. "I did so much want to help Mr. Ned. But at least I'm helping him by staying at Candle Corner—that's a very good thing. I have been here for nine months. How much is nine times four times seven times seven shillings, Elizabeth?"

We worked the sum out on paper and found that it came to over eighty-eight pounds. This seemed much wealth to me and I was puzzled to understand why Mr. Ned should be poor when he had so much money.

Lady Moonshine was puzzled too.

We were playing with Oliver in the warm sunshine of his little garden when Mrs. Meggotty came striding into our circle in her riding-gown.

"Hey, Nell, where's Ned?" she asked.

"I don't know," answered Oliver feebly. Mrs. Meg's face was nearly as red as it had been on the day of the Fan Exhibition. She gave Oliver a shake.

"I'll drive a little sense into you, my boy, when you come to live with me. Ned's too soft with you by half!"

Oliver shrank back. Lady Moonshine sprang to his rescue at once.

"Who said Oliver was ever going to live with you, Mrs. Meggotty?" she said. "Mr. Ned wouldn't allow it. You're not kind enough to him."

"Eighty-tighty, but beggars can't be choosers!" jeered Mrs. Meggotty. "Don't you pretend that you don't know Ned is done for, out and out. He will have to sell this house, leave Oliver with me, pack you off to your relations, and go to seek his fortune in London. There's a bill coming in that he can't meet from a creditor who is egged on, I do believe, by an old woman that has a spite against Ned."

"Whom does Mr. Ned owe money to?" said Lady Moonshine, still with her arm round Oliver. Her voice was haughty.

"General Hoddesdon, Mrs. Hoddesdon's brother-in-law!" said Mrs. Meg. "She's put him up to it, I cast no doubt, just to pay Mr. Ned out for harboring you, spoilt mix that you are. And he won't wait a day longer, not a day."

"Mr. Ned never owes money to people," said Lady Moonshine. "I know that it is you who owe the money. You got him to put his name to one of your bills. I know it; for I heard your servant telling Cherry so. It's your house that ought to be sold."

(Continued on page 225)

Child Life Movie Town News

Conducted by Gladys Hall

MAY, 1937

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

BOYS AND GIRLS OF MOVIE TOWN

"When I was nine years old I went to Lord Weymouth's Grammar School." Freddie Bartholomew told me recently. "The school is only about 300 years old, which is not very old or very out of the common in England. We lived in Warminster, England, you know. It is very jolly there. At any rate, in school I had to go in for quite a lot of games—football in winter and cricket in the summer. I remember, though, when I was five I went to one of Charlie Chaplin's pictures and I clapped and shouted and laughed and quite embarrassed Aunt Cissie. She said that I made much more noise than anyone in the theater including Mr. Chaplin, who, of course, didn't make any. You may imagine how excited I was when I met Mr. Chaplin face to face here in Hollywood."

"I am very happy in Hollywood. I live in Westwood Hills with Aunt Cissie and my Granma and Grandpa. I have my own bedroom and study and they are both done in brown and tan colors with very heavy furniture of the brand they call 'Monterey.' And I have all my ship models around and my collection of knives. Aunt Cissie says she would not care to walk around my rooms in the dark!"

"I think I like my part in 'David Copperfield' better than any part I have had. My part in 'Captains Courageous' is very good, too, and of course I had the advantage of learning a lot about the sea. When I played in 'Lloyds of London' I had a ripping time because Mr. Henry King, who directed the picture, is very keen about aviation and took me to see the Air Races."

Shirley's Pekingese

Shirley's little Pekingese, Ching-Ching, was operated on the other day. A very serious operation it was, too, for Ching-Ching swallowed a marble. And every single day, from the sound stage of "Wee Willie Winkle," Shirley called on the telephone to inquire about Ching's condition.

Shirley is learning to play badminton and she says that she thinks it is because she knows how to dance that she is doing so well at the "bat and bird" game. Shirley is also very much interested in bead work. She is busy right now making a beaded belt for her daddy.

Mickey Rooney is learning the calling of fishermen. His teachers are none others than three of the Gloucester fishermen in "Captains Courageous."

Patience's New Book

"I, Patience, today met Denina Durbin, Universal singing star..." Thus probably will write Patience Abbe, one of the three gifted children who wrote "Around the World in Eleven Years," when she and her brothers, John and Richard write their new novel which will be a book about Hollywood. For the three youngsters

visited Deanna at Universal Studios the other day and promised Deanna they would write about her in their new book.

Juanita Quigley has the daintiest and finest lapel watch you ever saw. It is in the shape of a bunny holding the watch between his paws. She showed it to me the other day and said, "It's the nicest thing I ever had in all my life!"

One of Jane Withers' fans sent her a *dressed flea*. I mean, a flea all done up in petticoats and a bonnet and a dress. And if I know Jane, dressing fleas will be her next hobby! She has a new one a minute.

MOVIE TOWN MAIL BOX

Ray Carter Alexander: Billy Mauch played the part of the boy Anthony in "Anthony Adverse." Ray, I'll twin brother, Bobby, was his stand-in and even played an occasional scene for Billy. The boys were born in Peoria, Illinois, on July 6th, 1924. They began their careers by

singing and dancing in local entertainments. After that, they were on the radio. I hear that they are now making "The Prince and the Pauper" for the screen.

Joe Cook, Hamilton, Wash.: Edith Fellows is thirteen, Joe. Freddie Bartholomew is twelve. Mickey Rooney is fifteen and I believe that Jackie Moran is also twelve or very close to it. Do write to me again.

Elizabeth Bomar Cleveland, Wartrace, Tenn.: Yes, Shirley Temple's middle name is Jane, Elizabeth. Her stand-in is Mary Lou Isleib.

Mary Carolyn Carney: Juanita Quigley is five years old, Mary. Yes, indeed, we will print a picture of her very soon. Gladly. Yes, Deanna Durbin is going to make another picture, and very soon, too. Sybil Jason's latest picture is "The Great O'Malley" with Pat O'Brien. It will be released very shortly. Her birthday—well, she was born on November 23, 1929, at Capetown, South Africa.



Shirley Temple and Douglas Scott Playing First-Aid

READ-ALoud TIME

The Fairy Basket

By Fennie R. Michaels

ONCE upon a time there were two sisters. One was always happy and kind to others. Everyone called her Happy Rose. Her sister was naughty and mean. She was called Naughty Ann.

One day, Mother said to Rose, "Here is a basket. Will you go into the woods and get some apples for me?"

"Yes, Mother, dear," said Rose. "I shall be glad to go." She put the basket on her arm and skipped away.

Naughty Ann called after her,

"I hope you slip,
I hope you trip,
I hope you run and fall,
Then you won't bring back
any apples at all."

Happy Rose did not answer. She went happily along, and sang this song

"To the apple tree
I must go, I must go,
For shiny, red apples
For Mother, you know."

Just as she came to the apple tree, she fell and broke her basket.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" she cried. "Now I can not bring any apples home to Mother. What shall I do?"

All at once a little door in the apple tree opened. A fairy came out and said, "Why do you cry, little girl?"

"I fell and broke my basket. Now, I can not bring any apples home to Mother," said Happy Rose.

"Do not cry," said the Apple Tree Fairy. "If you will come into my house in the tree, and do some work for me, I will give you another basket for your apples."

"Oh, thank you, kind Fairy," said Happy Rose. "What shall I do for you?"

The Fairy answered, "I want you to wash my dishes, sweep my house, dust the tables and chairs, and feed my cat and dog. Then cook some dinner for me. Be ready when I come back." And she went away.

"What shall I do first?" thought the little girl. "I know. First, I will feed the animals. They must be hungry. Then I will clean the house and cook the dinner. Come, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty," she called. "Here is some milk for you. Here is a bone for you, Doggie."

"Bow-wow-wow," he barked. "Thank you for the good bone."

Then Happy Rose washed the dishes and swept the floor and dusted the tables and chairs. She made a good dinner, too.

Soon the Fairy came back. She saw that the cat and the dog were happy. She saw that her home was neat and clean. She saw a good dinner on the table. Kind Fairy said, "Thank you for helping me. You are not a lazy girl. Here is a basket to take home to Mother. Do not open it until you get home."

"Thank you, kind Fairy," said Happy Rose, and she ran home as fast as she could with her basket. She was very happy and told her mother all about the kind Fairy.

"Let us open the basket at once," said Mother, "and see what is in it."

What do you think she found? A basket full of GOLDEN APPLES!

"Oh, what beautiful apples!" they cried. Naughty Ann looked at the apples, too.

"I wish I had apples like those," she thought. "I will go to the fairy tree and get a basket of golden apples, too."

So Naughty Ann ran into the woods. When she came to the apple tree, she knocked and knocked.



Garden Plans

Annie E. Moore

IN FAIR order

Bed and border,

Here I'm writing down my list:

Roses,

Heart's-ease,

Lilies,

Sweet peas,

Pinked-tipped daisies,

Love-in-a-mist;

And on my bower,

Leaf and flower,

Morning-glory vines shall twist,

Bleeding-hearts

I'll have for sadness,

Dutchman's-breeches

(Cost, a dime),

Golden-glow

Shall be for gladness,

Four-o'clocks

Will tell the time;

And on my bower,

Leaf and flower,

Morning-glory vines shall climb,

Touch-me-nots

For all the shrinking,

Ragged-Robin

(Cornflower bright),

Crocus cups

For fairies' drinking,

My full list I here recite,—

And once again

With golden pen

Morning-glory's name I write.

The Apple Tree Fairy opened the door "What do you wish?" she asked.

"I want a basket of golden apples like the one you gave my sister," said Naughty Ann. "You will have to work for it," said the Fairy.

"I want you to wash the dishes, sweep the house, dust the tables and chairs, and feed my dog and cat. You must cook my dinner, too." Then the Fairy went away.

Naughty Ann was a lazy girl. She did not like to work. She said, "I will have to wash the dishes and sweep the house and cook the dinner. But I will not feed the cat and dog. The Fairy will never know."

"Bow-wow-wow! I am hungry," barked the dog.

"Mew! Mew! Mew! I am hungry, too," said the cat.

"Be still! Be still!" said Naughty Ann. "I have no time to feed you. I have work to do. I must wash the dishes. Go away!"

Naughty Ann started to wash the dishes. She was in such a hurry that two fell down and broke.

"Bow-wow-wow! I am glad!" barked the dog.

"Mew! Mew! I am glad, too," said the cat.

"Be still! Be still!" said Naughty Ann. She was very angry. She started to sweep the house.

She was in such a hurry that she bumped into the table. She was very, very angry now.

Just then the Fairy came in. She looked at the dog and cat.

"You did not feed my animals or make my dinner," said the Fairy.

"I did not have time to do all the work," said Naughty Ann. "Gave me my basket I want to go home, now."

"Here is your basket," said Kind Fairy. "Be careful. Do not open it until you get home."

Naughty Ann ran out of the house at once. She did not wait to get home, but opened the basket at once. Do you think she found Golden Apples? No, indeed, no! She found only a letter. It said,

"Lazy Ann, Naughty Ann,
Good things you will not find,
Till you try to help others,
And learn to be kind."

Unbuttoning the Peas

Velista Presson Leist

IT IS fun to go to Grandma's

In the summer time,

I play house in the arbor

And up the trees I climb.

I help her bake her little peas,

We pick them up with T's.

And then I think it's fun to just

Unbutton all the peas.

FOR MOTHERS TO READ TO YOUNGER BOYS AND GIRLS

Help your boy bat 1000

**in the most
important game of all!**

● He's a "big-leaguer", too, at burning up bodily energy! So his food must yield this energy abundantly at every meal. Breakfast, in particular, is vitally important.

When your boy awakes, he has been without nourishment for 12 hours or more. His energy supply is usually low. Yet in the active morning hours he'll have to burn up more energy in proportion to his size than a grown-up!

Right here, mother, Cream of Wheat proves invaluable. For over four decades it has provided one good source of quick food energy in millions of American breakfasts.

Children and adults love its delicious creaminess. 3½ million bowls are served daily!

Your doctor will undoubtedly tell you how Cream of Wheat has many advantages: it is digested easily . . . releases food energy for use quickly . . . is economical . . . and, as part of an adequate diet, encourages weight gains.

Start your child on nourishing breakfasts of Cream of Wheat now!



Copyright 1937 by The Cream of Wheat Corporation



HELPS BRING WEIGHT GAINS
Steadily, naturally, Cream of Wheat, as part of an adequate diet, helps youngsters fill out and put on precious pounds.



AMERICA'S FAVORITE SINCE 1895
wheat from the finest growing areas is blended to give Cream of Wheat its high quality, its uniformity in texture and taste.



SO QUICK—SO EASY TO PREPARE
Just add to boiling water and follow the simple directions! Wonderfully economical! Cooks up to 6 times its dry volume.

✓ Cream of Wheat is rich in a type of carbohydrate second only to sugar in speed and completeness of assimilation.

✓ Doesn't tax digestions. Even delicate young systems handle Cream of Wheat with ease.

✓ Is a good source of needed food energy.

✓ As part of an adequate diet, it encourages steady, natural gains in weight.



Important: The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association has awarded to Cream of Wheat the "Seal of Acceptance." This officially indicates that this famous hot cereal and the advertising for it are acceptable to the Council.



CHILD LIFE PANTRY

When Children Lack Appetite

By Mary Isabel Barber

A nationally known home economics director and nutrition adviser, and a former instructor in Foods and Cookery Department of Teachers College, Columbia University

THE problem of lack of appetite seems to be an important one to mothers, judging by the letters which come to this department. "My little girl is six years old. She is very dainty about eating, will not drink milk and does not care for vegetables of any kind but is fond of sweets." "I would appreciate menus for a two-year-old child. My little girl is a fussy eater. She has grown tired of cereals and has a poor appetite." "My boy, three years old, will not eat anything but hot cereal. How can I give him a well-balanced menu?"

You mothers who have normal, hungry children are fortunate and probably have no idea of how some women have to struggle to give their children a wholesome diet, even when the food budget is more than adequate. Training in eating habits begins with infancy. Usually the doctor's advice is followed meticulously during this period. The trouble begins when the baby is allowed to sit in his high chair at the table and one or both indulgent parents give him a taste of this and a sip of that. Because this diversion from schedule does not make the child ill, it does not mean that it is harmless. A tiny piece of sugar or a spoonful of a sweet dessert may be the beginning of a craving for sweets which will be a real detriment to the establishment of normal food habits. An over-kindness for sweets may have had its inception in Father's indulgence. A famous nutritionist says that one year of good feeding at the beginning of life is more important than ten after forty.

To Insure Correct Eating Habits

One of the best ways to insure correct eating habits is to keep not only the child but doting relatives as well out of temptation. A small table, low chair and meals served before the family dining hour are advisable. The child is comfortable; there are no distractions; and he sees only the food intended for him.

Introduce new foods very gradually and let a child get accustomed to one before another flavor is provided. Avoid concentrated sweets as long as possible, because they blunt the appetite and make other things uninteresting. Instead of sugar and candy, provide figs, dates, prunes and other dried and fresh fruits. Bananas, fully ripe or baked, are valuable. Simple desserts are best, such as custards, cornstarch, bread and rice puddings, junket and gelatin. Plain molasses cookies, gingerbread and sponge cake will satisfy any need for this kind of food without giving sugar in too concentrated doses.

Granted that a child has been given an intelligent food program during the first three years. From then on it is more difficult because there is less supervision. New activities take a child from under Mother's wing. The excitement of playmates, nursery school and other excursions into the world sometimes make eating seem a waste of time. Every time routine is broken there is a chance that appetite will be affected. Eating stimulates appetite. If a child is too busy to eat, not hungry and loses his taste for food, increase the amounts of vegetables and fruits. These are rich in Vitamin B, which is an appetite stimulant. Lack of this factor may cause a child to be high strung, irritable, and uninterested in food—all of which leads to a condition of underweight and poor nutrition.



To Satisfy the Desire for Sweets

Here are some vegetable recipes which every member of the family will enjoy.

STRING BEAN CLUSTERS

Remove ends and strings of beans. Wash and cook in boiling, salted water until tender. (The time of cooking varies, but cook as short a time as possible to preserve color and texture.) Drain and season with salt, pepper and butter. Place eight or ten beans neatly on serving plate and "tie" the bundle with a strip of pimento.

SPECIAL dietetic advice will be given to mothers who wish help with their food problems. Letters should be addressed to Miss Mary I. Barber, Child Life Pantry, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

BEANS AND CELERY

Cut celery in strips the length and width of string beans. Combine and serve celery and beans together in clusters.

MUSHROOM AND TOMATO TOAST

2 cups mushrooms
(peeled and cut in pieces)
2 tablespoons chopped onion
3 tablespoons butter
1 cup canned tomato soup
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
paprika
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Cook mushrooms and onions in butter five minutes. Add tomato soup, salt, pepper and paprika.

Pour over slices of toast. Sprinkle with parsley.

CHEESE BALL SALAD

Mash cheese. Moisten with cream, if necessary. Shape into balls and serve in lettuce nests with salad dressing.

FRUIT SALAD

Stuff dates, prunes or canned peach halves with cottage cheese. Serve on lettuce with whipped cream or salad dressing.

Meals for All the Family

BREAKFAST

Soured Rhubarb
Cream of Wheat
Crisp Bacon
Muffins Toast
Beverage

LUNCHEON

Applesauce Hollandaise
Toast Baked Tomatoes
Bread Pudding
Milk Tea

DINNER

Cream of Pea Soup
Radishes Crackers
Roast Lamb
Mashed Potatoes Spinach with Lemon
Gravy Meat Jelly
Watercress Salad
Strawberry Clifton Pie
(Children Pudding for Children)
Milk Coffee

BUTTERSCOTCH BREAD PUDDING

2 cups stale bread crumbs 1/2 cup butter
1 quart scalded milk 2 eggs
1/2 cup brown sugar 1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Soak bread crumbs in milk. Let cool. Add other ingredients. Pour into buttered baking dish and cook about one hour in a moderate oven (350° F.) until firm as custard. Serve with any pudding sauce or cream.

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING

6 slices stale bread 1/2 cup sugar
butter 1/4 teaspoon salt
3 eggs milk

Spread bread generously with butter. Beat eggs slightly. Add other ingredients. Pour over bread in pudding dish. Bake one hour in a slow oven (325° F.) until firm.

Making movies must be
great sport—wish my
salary would
stand it...



...It will—CINÉ-KODAK EIGHT was planned to bring
movie making within reach of the average man

YOU wonder how in the world he can afford it, that movie-making enthusiast you're so envious of. You'd swear he's no better off than you.

Simply by taking advantage of an ingenious development in movie making . . . Ciné-Kodak Eight, a real movie camera, designed for those of average means.

A 25-foot roll of black-and-white film for Ciné-Kodak Eight costs only \$2.25, finished, ready to show. Yet it runs as long on the screen as 100 feet of amateur standard home movie film—gives you 20 to

30 movie scenes, each as long as the average scene in the newsreels.

Full color with Kodachrome

Load Ciné-Kodak Eight with the remarkable new Kodachrome Film, and you can make home movies in color—gorgeous full color. Just as simple to make as black-and-white, and the cost is only a few cents more a scene. No extra equipment is needed. The color is right in the film. See sample movies in black-and-white and in full-color Kodachrome at your dealer's today . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

*Makes marvelous
movies at
everybody's price*



ONLY
\$34⁵⁰



Holy Family with the Bird



The Divine Shepherd



St. John and the Lamb



Beggar Boys Eating Fruit



Madonna of the Napkin

Some Paintings
By Murillo

*Photographs courtesy of
The Art Institute of Chicago*

CHILD LIFE PICTURE PAGES



Children of the Shell



Beggar Boys Eating Melons



Girl Buying Fruit



Beggar Boys Throwing Dice

(For story about Murillo see page 240)

THE WELL-DRESSED CHILD

May Brings Smart New Styles

By Carolyn T. Radnor-Lewis

As Managing Editor of Harper's Bazaar and Associate Editor of Good Housekeeping, Mrs. Lewis began writing on fashions for children and has studied their development in textiles and in patterns as well as in the ready-made

Fashion Flash: Prettiness a feature of summer dresses . . . hand-wrought trimmings important . . . organdies, plain and shadow prints in luscious pastels . . . screen stars sponsor variety of hats . . . Round-the-World peasant dresses a great hit . . . odd neck finishes, cordings and fine pleatings vie with tricky collars . . . gray and beige backgrounds new for prints.

Dresses That Are Different

When seeking a new trimming for a graduation dress why not consider box-pleating about two inches wide? Two rows on the bouffant skirt will be attractive, with another row to outline a bertha collar wide enough to almost cover the tiny sleeves. Or you may prefer a saw-tooth instead of a scalloped edge for the skirt and sleeve puffs and down the front of the bodice to form a panel. This saw-tooth edging may also take the place of ribbon, pippins, or cordings for the bows and to finish the neckline, by looping it in front to fall to the waist. Again fine pleatings may be used instead of a collar. The bolero, the most important style feature, also can be adapted and if you button it on front, instead of leaving it open, it will have a very new look.

Let Your Trimming Be Dainty

Whatever decoration you adopt, let it be dainty and delicate. A bit of really good lace for the collar, shirring or smocking, tucking or embroidery (always hand done) will furnish that note of prettiness and elegance which is so important for both mother and daughter this spring. For these dresses there's nothing lovelier than the organdies, the crinkled matelassés, the solid colors in luscious pastels, and the shadow prints with the flower motifs.



Pattern No. 9287

It would only take a jiffy to slip into this dress, and not much longer to iron it. Any fabric in a solid color, a print, stripe or plaid, with the dominant tone for the contrasting yoke-collar and cuffs, would make a dress any girl would love. Pattern No. 9287 comes in 6-14 year sizes.



Here's an exciting way to master geography—learn it from the Kate Greenway Round-the-World dresses. Fifteen foreign countries have inspired the styles in the 3-6 year group and in the Big Sister dresses for the suitcases, 7-12 years. In France the peasants' dresses are similar to the little dimity with its bouffant skirt, white bandings and white crocheted buttons. From Italy came the design for the older girl's dress of printed lawn, with crisp white vestre collar and ruffled sleeves. A tag is attached to each dress, giving interesting facts of the countries.

Mrs. Lewis will gladly help you solve the clothes problems for your children if you write to her in care of FASHION DEPARTMENT, CHILD LIFE, 111 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Just the dresses that any little girl will want to put on when she takes off her play clothes! The print on a dark, or the new gray and beige backgrounds, is given a pretty finish with organdy collar and ruffles. A contrasting piping crests the other dress in rayon, lawn or lawn. Pattern No. 9290, with pastels, comes in 1-6 year sizes. Pattern No. 9290, with pastels, comes in 2-6 year sizes.



Pattern No. 9290



Pattern No. 9290

News About Hats

If a girl has a yen for a hat just like one of her favorite screen stars, here is her opportunity. Shirley Temple in her new picture will wear a felt beret with contrasting stitching and ribbon. She also sponsors two bonnet types, in felt and in straw, with points perched directly in front and ribbon streamers to tie under the chin.

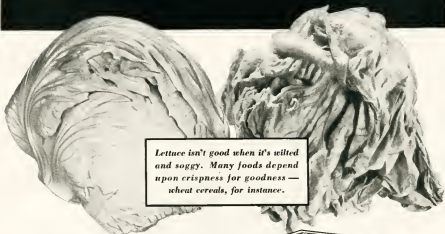
Young Stars Sponsor New Bonnets

There is a similar bonnet shape in a novelty straw, gay with a feather trim, which bears Jane Withers' name. Another of her hats has the bonnet-shaped crown, but the brim is rolled back in front and there is a pompadour on one side. Cora Sue Collins is represented by a new version of the Scotch cap with perky quill and a Tyrolean topper, given a jaunty air by its quill. And although no screen star's name is attached to it we are very partial to the saucer bignons in milan with "follow me" streamers, just like Mother's.



A dress for "best" in dotted Swiss which the girl child can button all by herself. Cardings instead of ribbons may finish the neck and sleeves. Pattern No. 9296, with pastels, comes in 1-6 year sizes.

What a difference **CRISPNESS** makes



Lettuce isn't good when it's wilted and soggy. Many foods depend upon crispness for goodness — wheat cereals, for instance.

YOUR body needs the nourishment found in a bowl of wheat flakes with milk or cream. There's the wholesome protein of whole wheat. The iron for blood. Plus elements for energy.

Enjoy this nourishment in delicious Kellogg's Wheat Krispies. Get the extra goodness in toasted whole wheat. *Extra* crispness that *stays* crisp in milk or cream.

Sold by all grocers. Ready to eat. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



BLENDED for **CRISPNESS**

MOTHERS' SERVICE BUREAU

By ALICE WINSTON



Mothers whose families adopt "The Kleenex Habit" find they need not spend valuable hours washing handkerchiefs. Kleenex helps to check the spread of colds, too. It has dozens of uses and, if kept handy in every room, will save Mother time and steps. The new Lip-stick Tissues for handkerchief use will also be a welcome item on the dressing table and in the guest bathroom.



Tanka and Varsha, this adorable pair of Russian dolls by Kimperl, are 9" high with peasant costumes complete even to their satons of braided straw. \$1 on each.

Nothing will add so much charm to the nursery as colorful Paston Decorators of rollicking children at play. They can be applied to smooth surfaces by simply pressing them in place. Assortments of Paston Decorators for the nursery retail at \$1 on.



Carter's Tykes and Tyke Tops will solve the problem of suitable and help training sets for little tots. Tykes, the training pants, have a double panel front and back so they're extra absorbent and long wearing. There's also an elastic band at the back which keeps them smoothly in place. Sleeveless Tyke Tops have Nevaclip shoulder straps. Sleeve models have Carter's convenient Jiffon neck with nothing to fasten. Both Tykes and Tyke Tops come in several fabrics including an open mesh that's ideal for summer. Sizes 1 to 4 years—\$9c to \$1.40.



The Junior Singer 20, a real sewing machine for little girls, sews with a perfectly even stitch. Mothers will find it convenient for traveling and occasional use. Complete with kit, traveling case and motor, this machine sells for \$12.50, without the motor it can be purchased for \$4.95.

Our Book Friends

By Muriel Fuller

Compiler of "The Book of Dragons," and co-author of "Makin the King's Son"



From "John's Dragon" (Oxford)

John's Dragon - - - Jack Bechdel and Deane Merrein

(Oxford) \$1.75

John finds a dragon just hatching out of his egg and takes it home. It grows and grows—and grows! What to do with a dragon? An amazing story. (Ages 4-7)

The Little Sail Boat - - - Lois Lenski

(Doubleday) \$1.75

Another charming story of Mr. Small, this time about his sail boat and his dog. Effectively illustrated in blue and black and white. (Ages 3-5)

The Curly Haired Hen - - - A. Vimmer

(Grosset) \$1.00

Translated by Nora K. Hulls. A hen that lost her feathers, and grew red curls instead. Illustrated by the author. (Ages 4-7)

On'y Tony's Circus - - Brenda E. Spender

(Scribner) \$1.50

The author of "On'y Tony" does another charming book about the young hero. Tony goes on a mid-air trip and takes part in a circus. Lovely illustrations by Barbara Turner. (Ages 5-8)

Raquel, a Girl of Puerto Rico - - Chesley Kuhnmann

(Harders House) \$2.

A favorite author of Child Life readers writes an interesting story of a Puerto Rican girl and an American girl, who meet and learn to understand each other's customs and traditions. Illustrated by F. Juan Mora. (Ages 12-16)

Small - - - Kathleen C. Greene

(Lippincott) \$2.

A pleasant story about a Cuban terrace and five children. The puppy turns out to be a hero. Illustrated by C. B. Falls. (Ages 5-12)

Betty Marlowe of Charles Town - - Elizabeth Janet Gray

(Viking) \$2.

A charming story of Charleston, South Carolina—then Charles Town—on the early eighteenth century. The young heroine comes to the new world from England, hardly thinking to find a self-sufficient, beautiful ally. A story all girls will love. Devotedly illustrated by Loren Barlow. (Ages 12-16)

Phantom King - - Hildegard Hawthorne

(Appleton) \$2.50

Biography that reads like fiction—the story of Napoleon's little son, told by a master story-teller, and illustrated by W. M. Berger. (Ages 12-16)

Birds Around the Year - - Larine L. Butler

(Appleton) \$2.00

Birds divided by the seasons—spring, summer, autumn and winter—which is a great help to any student, young or old, of the feathered kingdom. Illustrated. (Ages 10 up)

The Book of Animal Life - - Thorin Stowell and Thornton W. Burgess

(Little Brown) \$2.50

Why animals are what they are—their minds, their weapons, how they sleep and eat, and their lives, their voices, the lessons they learn, and many fascinating things about them. Line drawings and half-tones. (Ages 10 up)

MOTHERS' MAIL COUPON TODAY

MAY, 1937

Miss Alice Winston
CHILD LIFE MAGAZINE
136 South Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Miss Winston: I would like to know more about the items featured in the May Mothers' Service Bureau. Please send me complete information right away.

Name _____

Street and Number _____

City and State _____

HOW TO ORDER. To order any of these items send a check or money order. Give the name of article. There is no charge for this service and your order will be given prompt attention. Address Mothers' Service Bureau, 126 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

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next door, or to take along on your summer vacation.

You will be delighted to hear voices travel so evenly—so distinctly—over Real-Phones. And they are so easy to work! Just attach them to your dry-cell batteries, lift the receiver, ring the bell, and talk. Crisply, clearly, your voice will travel thousands of feet.

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536 S. Clark St.
Chicago, Ill.

I am enclosing \$7.50 to pay for ____ 6-mo. subs. (at \$1.25 ea.) ____ 1-yr. subs. (at \$2.50 ea.) ____ 3-yr. subs. (at \$5 ea.) I have listed on the separate paper enclosed each subscriber's complete name, address and length of subscription. As my reward, please send a Real-Phone set to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of phones: ☐ Red ☐ Green ☐ Silver ☐ Black
Offer good only in U. S. No substitutions allowed.

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

An Old Favorite—the Peach

By Helen Hamilton

A well-known home economist and nutritionist

PEACHES—just the very word makes you hungry, for who does not like peaches! Over three hundred different varieties are grown in the United States and some of the best are canned, so that you can have this luscious fruit all year round.

Recipes for Canned Peaches

Chilled hot juicy peach halves, or the attractively canned sliced peaches you've had for dessert many times, but maybe the delicious recipes this month, using canned peaches, are new to you. Anyway these recipes are so good that you will want to make them right away.

HIDDEN FRUITS

Cover sliced peaches with corn flakes, wheat or rice flakes. Serve with brown sugar and light cream.

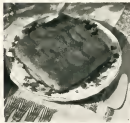
BAKED PEACH TAPIOCA PUDDING

- ¾ cup quick-cooking tapioca
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 cups canned sliced peaches, drained
- 2½ cups water and peach juice
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon melted butter

Combine tapioca with remaining ingredients in greased baking dish. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 30 minutes, or until done, stirring well every 10 minutes, and again when removing from oven. Serve warm or cold with cream. Serves 8.

PEACH UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

- (1 egg)
- 1½ cups sifted cake flour
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- 1½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 4 tablespoons softened butter or other shortening
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 2½ cups milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 4 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup brown sugar, finely packed
- 2 cups canned sliced peaches



Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar, and sift together three times. Add butter. Combine egg, milk, and vanilla. Add to flour mixture,

stirring until all flour is dampened; then beat vigorously 1 minute.

Melt 4 tablespoons butter in 8x8x2-inch pan or 8-inch skillet over low flame; add brown sugar (¾ teaspoon nutmeg may be mixed with brown sugar, if desired), and stir until melted. On this arrange peach slices. Turn batter over contents of pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 50 minutes, or until done. Loosen cake from sides of pan with spatula. Serve upside down on dish with peaches on top. Garnish with whipped cream, if desired.

PEACH SALAD

- 4 crisp lettuce cups
- 6 peach halves
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 2 walnut halves

Have peaches chilled; arrange in crisp lettuce cups. Fill center of peach half with cottage cheese. Put a generous spoonful of mayonnaise on top of cheese and garnish with walnut half. Serves 6.

This is a very quick salad to make and delicious.

TRANSPARENT SALAD

- 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
- 1 No. 2½ can peach halves
- Lettuce

Drain peaches. To the syrup, add enough boiling water to make 2 cups. Pour on lemon gelatin and stir until cool. Arrange peach halves in a square or rectangular pan, spacing them evenly. Pour the gelatin mixture around them and chill until firm.

When ready to serve cut into squares, having a peach half in the center of each square. Serve on lettuce and top with Lemon Cream Mayonnaise.

LEMON CREAM MAYONNAISE

- ½ cup mayonnaise
- 2½ tablespoons cashew-nut sugar
- Dash of salt
- 1½ tablespoons lemon juice
- ½ cup cream, whipped

Fold mayonnaise, sugar, salt, and lemon juice into whipped cream. Makes 1 cup mayonnaise.

Here are three menus using some of the peach recipes on this page.

A GOOD BREAKFAST

- Hidden Fruits
- Poached Egg on Toast
- Buttered Corn Bread
- Honey
- Cocoa

A TASTY DINNER

- Liver and Bacon
- Stewed Tomatoes
- Baked Potatoes
- Green Salad
- Whole Wheat Bread and Butter
- Baked Peach Tapioca
- Milk

SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

- Tomato Soup
- Cranberry
- Peach Salad
- Toasted English Muffins
- Chocolate Pudding
- Whipped Cream
- Milk

The Box a Bee Crept In

(Continued from page 199)

bustling. Since her uncle was a merchant he secured a window in one of his warehouses, looking out on the square in front of the Guild Hall. Speeches were to be made there when the Count and his train rode in. Clomp-clomp went the feet of the horses, clatter, clatter over the cobblestones. To and fro in the morning sun and wind waved the banners. The plumes and hrode in the costumes of the Count's men alone like mirrors, almost throwing sparks; as they came on a stately fashion from the great gate, with a guard of honor of the first citizens riding beside them. On to the square where the Burgomaster and aldermen waited for their prince.

In spite of his splendor Joanna thought the Count looked very tired, more tired than her father. Seated in the cushioned chair that had been placed for him, he listened to the first words of the Burgomaster's speech without any interest. At last he said something on a cushion, kneeling before the Count he spoke. Joanna peeped to see what it was that he held and listened to the words that dropped slowly from his lips.

"May I please your Highness to accept the keys of your fair city of Disseldorf and crown with your favor the box in which we offer them—the work of Master Lindner of Eynesburg."

Joanna's heart came up in her throat. As the Count bowed and took the chest in his hands, she knew it indeed to be her father's. Would it be the prize? Her beating heart nearly choked her. Then she saw the Count as he held it gently, turn it over and examine it with every side. "It is beautiful," he said aloud. "Beautiful and cunningly made and by a master hand. But I would, good friends, that I knew who fashioned this tiny box that was found by the road in journeying here? One of my men picked it up, caught in a bush it was, and shaped like a flower in which the bee nestles. It hath greatly taken my fancy!"

He put his hand to the wallet at his side and drew out—none other than her red box. "Who can have dropped such a dainty thing?" he asked, when a clear voice rang out from the window of the warehouse:

"That box is mine! I made it, please your Grace," added poor Joanna hastily, seeing scandalized looks on the faces of her aunt and uncle and the nobles and the Burgomaster. "And my friend Carl, here made the key."

"So." The Count looked up to the window sill of the warehouse, found her shining truthful face and seemed delighted. "So, this key, bee-like, supped honey from thy box. What is thy name, small one?"

"Joanna, your Grace, daughter of Master Lindner of Eynesburg."

"Like father, like daughter," said the Count. "Lift her down, my men and bring her to me and the boy likewise."

Soon both children knelt before the Count and, seeing his eyes twinkle, were not one bit afraid. He held up the box to Joanna.

"It is this little bee in the flower of wood that flew to me for safety when none saw it," he said kindly. "I like it well. With

(Continued on page 224)

TEACHING CHILDREN TO COOK

THINGS-TO-DO FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

PUZZLES • SEWING • GAMES • CLUBS • MAKING THINGS
DRAWING • PAPER CONSTRUCTION



Puzzle—

By Hans Kreis

In this picture of Robert Fulton, the inventor of the first practical steamship, find his portrait and the letters of his last name.



"Daredevils on bicycles. They rely on 'Keds' for safety. Extension sole. 'Flexible Arch Cushion' and 'Shock-Proof' insole."



Low-priced foot protection for all of the family with Keds Resort oxfords. Built with Keds "Flexible Arch Cushion" and "Shock-Proof" insole. Smaller sizes in white only; others in white, blue, or brown.



SCIENTIFIC LAST



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72 other styles. \$1 to \$2.50. They are not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoes.



The Box a Bee Crept In

(Continued from page 222)

give it to me, Joanna for a five mark piece?" He touched her hair.

"Oh, my lord, of course," she stammered, "with no pay."

"Couldst do naught to thy liking with five marks?"

"Yes, your Grace. Buy my father a pair of spectacles that he may work the better."

The Count laughed. "Carl, what wilt thou do with the money?" he said, thrusting his hand into the wallet that hung at his side.

"Be apprenticed, straightway, your Grace."

The Count handed each of them a heavy gold piece of five marks. As she took it wonderingly, Joanna stammered, "But—is not—should not my father receive this for the price, your Grace?" and her words were sad.

A great gulfaw rose from the crowd and much muttering, but the Count put up his hand to still them and answered simply, "There is honey of goodness in your heart, my Joanna. Have no fear, for your father shall be rewarded. But this little box that a bee has slept in shall be close to my heart while I live!"

Bertram and Pegasus

(Continued from page 204)

"Just look at you. As wet as drowned rats. Why didn't you stand under a tree? You, Bertram, come into the house this very minute, and change into some dry clothes. And you, Ganny Blanning, run on home and tell your mamma I advise her to soak your feet in mustard water. . . And how did this spring get here in my back yard? I suppose I'll have every dog in the neighborhood drinking out of it."

But before Ginny ran home, Bertram said, "Gee! Wasn't it a grand adventure! And you were just grand, too. I never knew you could make up such jolly poetry. I guess maybe you'll be famous some day. And I guess I wasn't cut out for a poet."

"Well, no matter," replied Ginny. "There are lots of other things that you can do better than I. You can wiggle your ears just fine, and I couldn't do that if I tried for a whole year."

And Bertram felt a warm spot in his heart for Ginny.

The Maypole

Mary Carolyn Davies

'Round the Maypole, stately, slow,
All the playground children go;
Each one holds a ribbon bright
To the top of the Maypole fastened tight.

With each step the children bind
The ribbons tighter! Watch them wind
Purple, white, and orange, and green—
Maypole ribbons for a May Day's queen!

The May Queen sits upon a throne
With a crown and scepter all her own.
Her subjects wind the Maypole round,
Dancing by on the grassy ground!
'Tight the ribbons grow and tighter,
Light the feet dance, lighter, lighter!



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12
MONTHS
\$2.50

CHILD LIFE MAGAZINE

Candle Street

(Continued from page 210)

"You impudent haggard!" cried Mrs. Meg. "How dare you stand there lordling it over me? You're no better than a beggar-wench for all your up-and-mighty ways! First you burn the shop down and your papa don't offer to pay for your freaks! And Ned's daft enough not to ask him for a penny, said he couldn't ask for money from your father when his own brother was about as much to blame as you were. Trumpery, felly and pride, I call that! And to make matters worse, your papa never offers Ned a silver for all these nine months of feeding you and clothing you and paying all your school bills! Don't talk to me of letters gone astray and all that! I know better! And I don't know how you have the face to speak to me, I really don't! The sooner you're packed hug and baggage out of this, the better!"

Mrs. Meg turned and flung back to the house, perhaps remembering that she had told Lady Moonshine something that Mr. Ned would not wish her to know. We were glad to see the door shut on the green gown.

Lady Moonshine sat down at the foot of the pear tree. She did not cry, though her face was more cloud-pale than her hair. After a few moments she said,

"That horrible General Hoddessdon must be made to stop. I cannot make him, but Godmother could. I will go to her this minute. She will be glad to have me inside her claws, and if I am living in her house she will write to my papa ordering him to pay Mr. Ned at once for me and for the fans, but I suppose she did not understand. I could not write very well then, you remember. But Godmother will know how to remind Papa to pay Mr. Ned. And she will make General Hoddessdon wait till the money comes. She will do that because she is pleased to have me."

"Shouldn't care to be in your shoes, going back," said William.

"I don't care to be in them myself," owned Lady Moonshine. "But it is the only single solitary thing that I can do to help Mr. Ned, and I must do it. I must! And I will!"

"Oh, dear!" said Oliver.

"I shall not see her at once," said Lady Moonshine. "I have thought out what to do. I shall take nothing with me except—my nightgown. I shall slip into the house by a side door and put myself to bed in the room I had last year. And when I am safely in bed I shall ring the bell for a maid, and I shall send the maid downstairs to say to Mrs. Hoddessdon, 'Lady Cynthia Delphine has arrived and has gone to bed.' That will soften her heart if anything will; she will be so delighted to think of me in bed in the daytime that she won't turn me out of the house, which she might otherwise feel inclined to do."

We did not plead with Lady Moonshine; for we saw that her mind was made up. After she had sent me to fetch her nightgown, she kissed each of us, even William; and then we went with her to the gate.

"I should like to say good-by to Mr. Ned," she said sadly, "but I mustn't. I don't want him to be troubled about me. I shall go quite alone."

With her chin held high, Lady Moonshine stepped heavily down the street.

(To be continued)

TEACH YOUR CHILD Self-expression THROUGH COLORING



SHREDDED WHEAT's Picture-Story Cards are taking Young America by Storm! We have thousands of letters from parents, teachers, instructors everywhere, praising our program for helping develop chil-

form the Picture-Story Cards that come in each Shredded Wheat package!

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CHILD LIFE HOBBY CLUB



"The only real fun is to do things"—Clara Burton

HOBBY CLUB RULES

What is your hobby? Is it collecting books, stamps, dolls, coins, stones; making things with tools or with your hands; learning to cook; making special scrapbooks, studying nature, music or dancing; taking good care of pets; taking pictures, drawing or painting; giving plays or making puppets? Or have you some other hobby?

Write a letter to the Child Life Hobby Club, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., telling about your hobby.

Letters may not be longer than 350 words. Write in ink and give your name, address and age. Snapshots of you, that also show your hobby, will be welcome.

Every boy and girl who requests it will receive the attractive Hobby Club pin. Every month the best letters will be given a fine book as a special prize.

The next best letters will be published.



For the Boy or Girl Whose Hobby Is Giving Plays . . .

WHAT boy or girl doesn't like to dress up on a rainy afternoon and give a play with a group of friends in the attic? But after the actors have chosen their parts, instead of rehearsing, it often takes up the rest of the afternoon searching for costumes in the grown-ups' closets—an enterprise that sometimes leads to trouble. For everyone knows how much work it is to persuade Big Brother that you really do need his dinner coat in order to make a good villain.

Procure a Dress-Up Box

The best way to avoid scoldings and delays on these occasions is to have a dress-up box of your very own. Perhaps your mother has an old trunk in the attic which she will let you use. If not, ask the grocer to save several big cardboard boxes, for you. Make labels for these and store them in your closet ready to fill with needed bits of costume whenever your family throws things away. In one box you can keep wigs and false faces; in another, hats, crowns and shoes; in a third, cloaks and dresses.

Here is a list of things you can make for your dress-up box: Wigs of yellow, brown or black yarn sewed in loops to a skull-cap base, or curls, made from unraveled rope and sewed beneath a hat. A burnt cork (keep this wrapped in a paper bag). A red cape made out of a discarded red kimono with cotton sewed around for ermine with outfitting, queen, or prince. To make the cotton look more like ermine add an occasional spot of black ink. A cardboard crown, sword, and shield, covered with gold and silver paper.

At the ten-cent store you might buy a false nose that will come in handy for the part of giant or villain. One of the hardest things to collect and one of the most important is your curtain. If your mother has two old sheets ready to be discarded take these; it will be fun to decorate them and have curtains of your very own.

With these and other costumes that you have collected ready and waiting for you in your dress-up box any time that you and your friends decide to give a play, you will find it is much more fun, since a lot of the work is already done. Any boy or girl whose hobby is giving plays ought to try it.

Origin of Names

Dear Miss Barrows:

I have had a dozen hobbies because I have been traveling with my parents instead of going to school. Most of my hobbies have found a resting place in some foreign storage room. But my newest—one one can take from me! It is the origin of names of places.

Last year in London I had a darling governess-cicerone who opened many lovely magic doors for me. Going about Old London, I became enchanted with the queer names and demanded their origin. Thus came into being my greatest hobby. Best of all it need never be sent off to storage!

Most travelers know that Marleybone Road was once Marie le Bon; and that Rotten Row (awfully silly, I think) was the dignified Route de Roi. But would you ever believe that Blind Chapelton had nothing to do with chapels, although it is near Saint Paul's Cathedral—nor blind folk, either—but was the name of the former owner of the acres, one Blanche Appleton in the XVI century.

Although I am not thirteen years old yet—and am away behind girls of my age in ordinary school learning—I suppose I am rather young to have so much feeling for just words. But I have and it is growing.

(And I love old things and old places and old tales and old records of people who lived centuries ago. I like to imagine myself back there.)

Happily yours,

*URSULA BUEHLER,
Pasadena, Cal.

Aged 12

(I am called Youbee.)

A Printing Hobby

Dear Miss Barrows,

Last fall I received a printing press for my birthday. I have always wanted one, but at first my mother thought it would be too dirty. Finally, she got it for me. I like it very much.

I have printed all my stationery, envelopes, slips of paper to show ownership for my books, etc. I have printed blotters and Christmas cards for advertising also.

It is very interesting work. I have four fonts of type. You can't do very good work unless you have a number of fonts of type. You need different sizes and styles of type.

I call my shop the Globe Print Shop. Next summer I hope to start a small newspaper and sell it for a small sum.

I have other hobbies but this is the most important.

A CHILD LIFE reader,
CLEVELAND J. RICE, JR.,
West Haven, Conn.

Aged 12

PRIZE WINNERS*

Roaming the Woods

Dear Miss Barrows:

I think I have a wonderful hobby. It is roaming the woods. In doing this I not only gain knowledge in the world of nature, but in beauty. There is a stream in the woods I roam and a log is across this stream in one place. I love to sit in the middle of this and look at the tops of the lonely pines and large old oaks. I love to bend down over this creek and let the clear, cool water flow softly over my hands. I know every inch of these woods and now I can almost read the language of the trees when they sway back and forth in the wind.

One of the most beautiful sights I think is the sun going down over the tops of the trees and the orange sunset gleaming through the lonesome pines. Sometimes I lie down on the leaves and look through the tree tops to the bright blue sky and the foaming clouds and make figures out of them. I sometimes just wander around, my thoughts wandering off. I think about the things I like to do, the things I want to be most. The woods only seem to be something like a dreamland in which I am just wandering about. One of the things I love most to do is climb a tree by a vine and sit in a comfortable place on a limb far from the ground and kick my feet back and forth and sing. The woods are my best friend and I spend most of my time in them. I always read my CHILD LIFE in them.

I hope some children will take roaming in the woods as one of their hobbies, for it is to me a great pleasure.

Your friend,

*MARY T. FORBES,
Martinsville, Va.

Aged 11

CHILD LIFE HOBBY CLUB

Studying the Stars

Dear Miss Barrows:

I have been wanting for some time to tell you about my hobby because it is different. My hobby is studying the stars. Big people call it astronomy. I like to learn the names of the stars and where to find them. I know the *North Star*, the *Big Dipper* and *Cassiopeia*. Some times the stars in *Cassiopeia* look like a big *W* in the sky, and sometimes they are up-side-down and form an *M*.

It is interesting to see how the stars move across the sky from month to month. I have read a book about stars and I like to draw star pictures and color them.

Your friend,

ANN RADEMACHER,
Hamden, Conn.

Aged 7



ANN AND EVELYN RADEMACHER

A Doll Hobby

Dear Miss Barrows:

I am Ann's little sister, Evelyn. I do not know how to write as yet, but I have a hobby. It is taking care of my doll. I can dress her, feed her, give her a bath and put her to bed. I love babies, too. I like to cut out pictures of them. When I go for a walk I love to see real babies in their baby carriages.

I love the stars, too. They are my friends. I like the bright ones best.

With love,

EVELYN RADEMACHER,
Hamden, Conn.

Aged 4

Model Airplanes

Dear Miss Barrows:

My hobby is making model airplanes. A boy named Wayne started me making them about a year ago. I have twenty airplanes now and I am making a *China Clipper* and a *Hughes Racer*. I have made a hangar for them, too. I have two *Wedell Williams*, a *Gee Bee*, *Hawker Fighter*, *U. S. Navy Fighter*, *Douglas Transport* and a *Curtis Swift* and a few more. I find airplanes in books and study them and then try to make them. It is quite a bit of fun on rainy days.

An interested reader,

RICHARD KEITH,
Azusa, Calif.

Aged 11

[Continued on page 228]



SAVE THAT TWINKLE!

Eye strain, so often caused by poor lighting, is largely responsible for the fact that out of every 1000 pairs of happy, twinkling baby eyes only 600 will be normal at college age. Here are four simple precautions you can take to safeguard your children's eyesight:

1. Have their eyes examined regularly.
2. Be sure they read and study in good light.
3. Have your home lighting measured by an expert from your electric service company.
4. Use only lamps that stay brighter longer. Avoid the risk of getting inferior bulbs that waste up to 30% of the electricity they use. The initials G-E on a bulb are your assurance of good light at low cost.

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60 WATTS AND SMALLER

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Mothers of growing Children

HERE IS THE E-Z SOLUTION FOR THE UNDERWEAR PROBLEM



For infants E-Z offers a short sleeve, button front or a sleeveless shirt, made of light, absorbent, fine combed cotton. Also buttons on combinations.



Boys hail these athletic shirts and shorts as E-Z's greatest contribution to their comfort. Shirts in a selection of cool knit fabrics. Knit or woven shorts.



For boys and girls, sleeveless waist suits in closed or open front styles. Trunk length with elastic or button back seat.

Buying the right underwear for a family of vigorous, growing boys and girls is a major problem, unless you know about E-Z. So-called "bargains" often prove a total loss after a few trips to the laundry. Ordinary methods of construction that give good enough service for adult underwear cannot stand the strain of the strenuous activity of the healthy boy or girl.

The E-Z label on any underwear is your guarantee that scientific washing and wearing tests have been made both as to fabric and design of garment to insure their maximum efficiency in use. You can judge for yourself of the durability and comfort of their design.

Ask the clerk to show you the doubly secured buttons and the special reinforcements at every point of strain.

For warm weather, there are specially knit "Breezy" fabrics, open-mesh and lightweight, yet strong enough to stand hard wear and frequent washings. They absorb perspiration and are not injured by it.

Nothing is more practical for a boy than an E-Z knit polo shirt. In several fabrics and colors.



E-Z

UNDERWEAR

"for any child of any age"

E-Z MILLS, Inc.
57 Worth St., New York City

CHILD LIFE HOBBY CLUB

Pen-Friends

Dear Miss Barrows:

I think mine is the most fascinating hobby a boy or girl can have. It is that of foreign correspondence. Although I have only had this hobby for a while, I have quite a few very interesting pen-friends who exchange letters with me in New Zealand, France, Panama, Honolulu and England. Going to your mail box one day and finding a letter with an intriguing foreign stamp will give anyone a thrill.

My first friend was a little French girl. We have been sending each other letters

and little gifts for a year now, and no two girls were ever better friends, although we have never met except in pictures.

Besides being a very educational hobby, it is valuable to world peace in the sense that it creates a friendly feeling between nations.

I am very anxious to increase my bobby, therefore I hope any foreign girl about my age who reads this will send me a letter. I will answer promptly.

A sincere admirer,

FRANCES HIGHT,
Route 3, Box 27
Seattle, Wash.

Age 13

CHILD LIFE HOBBY CLUB

A Doll Collection

Dear Hobby Club Friends:

I have a very interesting hobby. I collect dolls. I haven't very many foreign dolls, but I have some extremely interesting ones. There are about sixty-nine or seventy dolls in my collection. First, comes a big doll, nineteen years old, who belonged to my brother. Next come my twin dolls. They used to be my brother's, too. Lots of my dolls are my brother's.

A very dear lady friend gave me a doll that is now fifty-two years old. The lady was a dressmaker, so she dressed the doll in a Colonial costume. In my collection is a rubber doll, and most girls have one kind or another. I have many little glass dolls, and I love to make clothes for them. There is a doll about an inch tall. With some of my dolls I make different costumes and set them on sand tables.

Dolls to me are silent playmates, and if you love them dearly enough, they seem alive, and you can talk to them. I don't see how any girl could get along without them. They are my lovable friends and playmates.

If you think my letter interesting enough, I would like a Hobby Club pin.

Lovingly yours,

NORINE COMFORT,
Seattle, Wash.

Age 10

Making Book Covers

Dear Miss Barrows:

I have many hobbies, but I believe my most interesting one is books. We have so many, as almost everyone in our family is a bookworm, that we could almost start a miniature library.

I have just started something that is not yet a hobby, but that has something to do with books. This is making book covers. I shall explain how to make them if some of the other CHILD LIFE readers wish to start a hobby like mine.

First, find a book that has a worn cover or one whose cover you wish to preserve. Then lay the book on a piece of colored paper. Any color is all right except white because it soils very quickly. After laying the book on the paper trace around the outlines, leaving a little room for bending. If this is not done, when the book is closed the cover will tear.

Then draw an attractive design free-hand or with stencils. Pretty covers can be made by representing the book on the cover. For a cover for a *Raggedy Ann* or *Andy* book, for instance, you can have Raggedy Ann and Andy gaily dancing or standing very sedately (and floppily). For a *Girl Scout* or *Boy Scout Handbook* the trefoil can be stenciled on.

A very good and inexpensive stencil is a blotter. Cut your design in the blotter and color around it onto the paper. This works especially if you are using paints.

I am sure many other CHILD LIFE readers would enjoy trying to make book covers.

A loving reader,

JANET ROE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Age 11

CHILD LIFE HOBBY CLUB

A Collection of Flags

Dear Miss Barrows:

I am a new CHILD LIFE reader and would like to join the Hobby Club and would appreciate a Hobby Club pin.

CHILD LIFE has been the means of my starting a collection of stamps and small flags of nations and souvenirs, including our own United States and possessions. I would like it if CHILD LIFE readers would help me.

I have two brothers, twins. They are four years old. Their names are Thomas and Robert.

Sincerely,

CHARLES COLLINS,
Carbondale, Pa.

Aged 8



CHARLES COLLINS

A Reading Hobby

Dear Miss Barrows:

Perhaps there is nothing new in having books for a hobby but there is nothing more satisfying. When I entered school at six years, the superintendent put me in the third grade, because I had read about three hundred books. Most of them were books suited to the small child. I am eleven years old and am to graduate from senior high school this May. I have been reading CHILD LIFE since I was four. Though I have accumulated rows after rows of books, and have read many magazines, I still look forward to my CHILD LIFE.

I enjoy my living friends, but more than any, I find my book friends the best. I like history and have several volumes of Texas, United States, English, French and European. Also I have a lovely science set entitled, "The Smithsonian Series." I enjoy my lovely books on literature and numerous volumes of poetry. Also I find relaxation reading my several series of travel books. While I have read many novels for reports in English work, yet for pure pleasure I like to have fun with my Alcott books, the Minerva books, "The Nancy Drew Mystery Stories, The Little Colonel Books, "Drums," and oh, so many others I cannot have space to name them.

Really, I feel the reason that, at eleven years of age, I can finish the public school with an average of more than 94 per cent and as the only senior in my school who makes the honor roll regularly, is because I love books and have read more than the rest of the high school pupils.

Please, before I graduate, I would like to have a pin from your club.

Your friend,

SUE ALLYN STREPLING,
Nocoma, Tex.

Aged 11

(Continued on page 230)

THEY TAKE 20,000 STEPS A DAY—GIVE THEM

INSURANCE
AGAINST FLAT FEETGet Canvas Shoes made with
"POSTURE FOUNDATION"

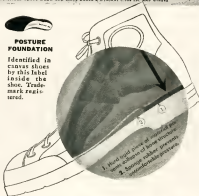
REGISTERED TRADE MARK AND PATENT PENDING IN THE U.S.A. AND OTHER COUNTRIES

EVERY active boy and girl wants the freedom of canvas shoes. Be sure that their feet have the proper support . . . that they are protected against foot troubles.

Goodrich Sport Shoes made with "Posture Foundation" give them "insurance against flat feet." They provide proper support for the bones and ligaments of the foot. More than that, they actually improve the whole body posture!

POSTURE
FOUNDATION

Identified in canvas shoes by this label inside the shoe. Trade-mark registered.



B. F.
GOODRICH
COMPANY
Footwear Div.
Watertown
Mass.

Goodrich  Sport Shoes



Little John Stimpson, 2, of 20 Greenleaf Ave., Newton Center, Mass., thrives on a special diet of bananas and milk. His brother, Edward, 8, loves bananas, too—and eats plenty!

Gangway for BANANA EXPRESS!

GANGWAY for mellow goodness... for quick food energy... for valuable vitamins, A, B, C, G... for minerals, necessary to a well balanced diet. Gangway for ripe bananas!

Child specialists agree that fully ripe bananas* are easily digested. Mothers know they're "safe" in their oasture-sealed peel—and so easy to prepare! Children know that nothing tastes better than a luscious, sweet, fully ripe banana, with or between meals.

Bananas are economical. Bananas are wholesome, bananas are digestible, bananas are one of nature's richest food-gifts. Let your children have them often!

*Bananas are fully ripe when the yellow peel is flecked with brown.

Mothers!

SEND FOR THESE FREE BOOKLETS

Fruit Dispatch Company, Home Economics Department C.L. 5-9
Pier 3, North River, New York City

Please send me free:

- ☐ "Bananas Take A Bow," a 24-page illustrated booklet of delightful new banana recipes.
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Name _____

Address _____

City _____

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UNITED FRUIT BANANAS distributed by FRUIT DISPATCH CO.

CHILD LIFE HOBBY CLUB

Collecting Buttons

Dear Miss Barrows:

I have had the Child Life for about five years and I enjoy it very much. My father and mother gave it to me for Christmas.

I wonder how many children have the same hobby as I have. It is collecting buttons. I think I have over 200, but I just started last summer. They are mostly all old buttons, but I think these are more interesting than the new ones. I have two kinds, which are supposed to have belonged in Napoleon's family, and one from my great-grandfather's Civil War uniform.

Your friend,

BETH ANDREWS,
Chagrin Falls, O.

Aged 11

Studying Birds

Dear Miss Barrows:

I have a very interesting hobby. It is studying birds and their habits. In school we have a poem day which is Thursday. Each pupil has a different topic, and on that day he reads a poem on his topic. I chose "birds" and have quite a collection of bird poems. I copy the poems in my bird scrapbook along with articles and pictures of birds.

I have a small memorandum book that I keep in my pocket whenever I am outside. If I see a bird building a nest I watch it and write all about it in my book. I also write how to distinguish different birds apart. Sometimes when I see a new kind of bird that I am not familiar with, I write its description, kind of song and peculiarities, also the date I saw it, in my book, and later find out what bird it is. I then put the name under the description.

By looking in my book I can tell just what day the different birds are first seen in the spring.

An interested reader.

BONITA GOOCH,
Bly, Ore.

Aged 13

Collecting Shells

Dear Miss Barrows:

I have two hobbies. One is collecting shells. It has not grown very much yet. At the December Landisville Parents and Teachers' Meeting the subject was on hobbies. The pupils in the grades that had hobbies could display them. I had mine displayed.

Now I want to tell you of something interesting I have in my collection. It is a box 3½ inches wide, 6 inches long, 1½ inches high. It is nearly one hundred years old. There are thirteen different kinds of shells on it—one hundred sixteen shells, besides many hundreds of tiny shells too little to count. There is a big shell 2½ inches long and 2 inches wide on top of the box. The others are smaller. Around the edge of the lid there are small shells about the same size with larger shells at the corners. Around the side of the box in between the shells are the tiny ones.

The other hobby is reading books. I read all the stories in CHILD LIFE, too, and many of the letters.

Your friend,

DOROTHEA KREIDER,
Landisville, Pa.

Aged 11

[Continued on page 240]

North, South, East or West—

VES PANT COMBINATIONS are the Best

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

The modern miss likes the smart style of VES PANT Combinations. They are designed to be out-of-sight when worn under girl's garments now in vogue. Girl's styles in combed cotton and "run-resist" rayon.



Real "self-help" for little folks. Panties can be changed without removing outer clothing. Elastic drop seat, too... What a time saver for mother! Panty shown is offine naincheck white or pink.



These broadcloth shorts "like dad's" appeal to little boys. Choice of tan, blue, green. Boy's styles in panty and vest, also in combed cotton. Size 1 to 8. The practical, modern underwear for children.

Light weight combed cotton for Spring and Summer.
Medium weight combed cotton and periwinkle for Fall and Winter.

Look for the "M" trademark and Seal of Certified Quality when you shop for infants' and children's underwear. If your store does not have Minneapolis "M" Garments, write for information.



VES PANT Combinations "can take it" ... double thickness crotch, flat-lock taping for support without strain ... rubber buttons ... elastic cuffs in panties ... Mothers buy two panties with each waist for real economy.

MINNEAPOLIS KNITTING WORKS • Minneapolis, Minn.


MINNEAPOLIS

GARMENTS

The Modern Underwear, Nightwear and Playwear for Children. Including all underwear needs from Birth to 16 years.



Child Life Pen and Pencil Club



EACH month the CHILD LIFE Pen and Pencil Club publishes the best stories, poems and letters sent by the members. Each contribution must be original, that is, it must be a poem, story or letter that you have made up yourself. We prefer to have stories and letters of 350 words or less. The letters should tell about some interesting experience that you have had or, perhaps, a trip you have taken or some good



times you have had at school. While there will be space for only the best of these contributions all will be welcome. We love to hear from you.

Every month for the very best contributions a fine book will be given as a special prize.

Send all contributions, suggestions, and requests for membership pins to Miss Marjorie Barrows, editor CHILD LIFE Pen and Pencil Club, 535 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

PRIZE WINNERS*

MY GRANDMA'S BIRDS

My Grandma has many lovely birds. There are eleven canaries, two little finches and three parakeets. You probably wonder why I do not say that there are four parakeets, as they are most always found in pairs. That is a sad story and when I tell you a little more about the other birds, I will tell you of the sad experience of the Blue Parakeet.

My favorite canary is a bright yellow bird which Grandma named Sylvia, after me. It is fluffy and plump and sings most of the time. It has very bright eyes and when I talk to it, it cocks its head first on one side and then on the other, as if to say, "Is that so?" or "Imagine that!" Sylvia's cage hangs in a large glassed-in porch in which the other cages are hung. Some of the canaries are a pure yellow, some are a dark yellow and one or two have black markings on their tail and wings. Their cages are different colors and look very pretty swinging in the sunshine among the many plants and flowers that Grandma has in her sun porch. Many days Grandma leaves the cage doors open and the birds fly all around the house, and one day she turned on the vacuum sweeper and one little bird fell dead with fright at the noise. We have been told that a shock will kill a canary bird, and that is what happened to the one who followed Grandma.

I will tell you a little about the pair of finches which Grandma has, too. They are much smaller than the canaries, and are grey with silver breasts and bright orange bills. They have a soft sad note in their song. When Grandma first got them, they were very timid and afraid of the other birds. Soon they became acquainted and found that life in my Grandma's porch was great fun. They are always out of the cage and like to hide among the plants and flowers. They played a joke on Grandma, too. She had a bowl with a plant in it called Baby Tears. This plant has little tiny leaves on it which grow on long stems hanging over the sides of the bowl. Grandma had hung the bowl on a hanger and it would sway back and forth like a cradle. I think the finches wanted it for their cradle, so they began sleeping in the bowl of Baby Tears. Before long, the plant looked shabby and Grandma tried to make the little birds sleep in their cage, but they would not do it. Grandma finally gave up and let them have the bowl. If you go to Grandma's house at night, you can peek

into the bowl of Baby Tears and you'll see two bright, orange bills sticking out among the leaves.

I have not yet told you about the Parakeets. There were two pairs of them—one green, the other blue. The green pair were named Cecil and Sally. The blue were named Skipper and Skippy. Grandma had Cecil and Sally first, and later sent to California for Skipper and Skippy. Everything went along very happily on the sun porch for a long time after Skipper and Skippy came to live there. One day,



however, Skipper and Cecil began falling in love. They would perch on the fernery and kiss each other and talk to each other, while poor Sally and Skipper looked on and felt very lonesome. Finally Skipper decided that he wouldn't stand by and watch another bird steal his mate, so every time that Cecil started to kiss Skipper, Skipper would fly up and peck him. He would always jump between them when they would try to sit on the perch side by side. It would make every one laugh to see them quarrel. All the time, poor little Sally would sit up on top of her cage and pout. She wouldn't let any one comfort her and just waited all the time to see if Cecil would come back to her. If he happened to perch near her, she would kiss him very gently, but Cecil would shake his head and move away from her. Little Sally felt very bad, and maybe she wished that her feathers were blue instead of green.

Sally is not sad now, though, and she has Cecil back again. Grandma is sad and so is Skipper, for there were terrible happenings in the sun porch the other day

One day, several weeks ago, Grandma found a poor little kitten out in the cold. He brought it into the house to warm it and fed it some warm milk. The next day and the next, the kitten stayed, and Grandma liked it very much and named it Lulabelle. Grandma was worried at first that Lulabelle might get a bird, but even though the birds were all out in the porch, the kitten didn't ever bother them. One cold morning Grandma got up very early. When he went outside, there was Lulabelle in the cold. She meowed at the door and shivered and looked up at Grandma to tell him that she wanted to come in where it was warm. So Grandma thought it would not matter if he let Lulabelle in to get warm. Grandma was in the bedroom, and soon she heard a thump. She ran out to see if everything was all right with the birds. There wasn't a thing in sight and the birds were all quiet, so she thought that nothing had happened to frighten them. She went into the kitchen, and a few minutes later, in came Lulabelle. What do you think she had? A bright blue feather right in the corner of her mouth! Grandma ran out to the porch and searched among the plants and there she found the rest of poor Skipper. Just a few bright blue feathers. Lulabelle had slipped up and snatched her so quietly that even the other birds had not seen her.

Now there is only one blue Parakeet, and Sally is happy again but Grandma feels bad to think that she has lost one of her large family. Grandma is going to get another mate for Skipper, but I hope that she has better manners than Skipper had, for if she hasn't she may make another meal for Lulabelle.

*SYLVIA HIXSON,
Boulder, Colo.

Aged 9

OVER THE STREAM OF SILVER

Running down over the
Rocks comes a silver
Stream, leaving on the rocks
That it rolls over
A silver coat.

The silver stream does not
Seem to stop. It keeps
On going over the rocks
And around the bends,
Leaving a silver streak
As it goes. This little stream
May be going to
Cathay for all we know.

*KENNETH DAVISON,
Springfield, Mo.

Aged 10

CHILD LIFE PEN AND PENCIL CLUB THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

There was a big, big snowman—so big and round and fat. He was the night watchman that watched the ships at sea. Please let my snowman stay—the one I made today.

The snowman stayed all winter. A ship sailed by. The Captain saw my snowman. He laughed and said, "How faithful a watchman we have on the shore. Nothing can go wrong while he is here."

CAROL ELLSWORTH,
Seattle, Wash

Aged 7



BUDDY MORELAND

Dear Miss Barrows:

I enjoy reading Child Life very much. I have been taking it for two years.

I like to write verses and collect stamps. I have quite a large collection. I also like to make airplanes. I make them out of balsa wood.

I have a dog, two cats and three pigeons. I would like to have some other readers of Child Life write me.

Sincerely yours,

BUDDY MORELAND,
4816 Ninth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D.C.

Aged 10

THE MOON'S BABY

A tiny star is peeping
From under a cloud.
I think it is one of the moon's babies.
It looked sad because

The cloud was in front of it.

ELAINE FRY,
Winfield, Kans.

Aged 8

THE GOOD OLD RAIN

My wise grandpa said to me once,
"My dear, you truly are a dunce,
To fret and grumble for a day
Because the rain has spoiled your play."

"The rain is good; it cheers the land;
It fills the ocean, cleans the sand;
It turns the leaves a glistening green
And gives the trunks of trees a sheen."

"It's just the weather ducks like best
And gives the farmer time to rest.
It makes the air so fresh and cool
That children like to be in school."

So pitter-patter on the pane,
I welcome now each drop of rain

MARY LOUISE FEITNER,
Palm Beach, Fla.

Aged 13

A mother writes us . . . "YOUR CLAIMS ARE VERY MODEST"



"My son's career has started on a Corona"

every label he sees, and can go through the alphabet accurately on the typewriter if I sit across the room and call out the letters. Further, he can spell his own name and a few other very small and familiar words. We have not "pushed him" to learn, but it was instinctively a game for him.

We claim no miracles . . . but Corona does fascinate children—and helps them to read, write and spell. Helps them, too, in school and college—and later in life is invaluable, in business and for literary work or correspondence.

Corona's 1937 "Speed Models" are the finest, fastest, and most complete portables we have ever made. And available now, everywhere, for as little as \$1.00 per week.

Ask your Corona dealer . . . or write us.



THE ONLY "FLOATING SHIFT" PORTABLE!

L. C. SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC.
Desk B, 191 Almond St., Syracuse, N. Y.

I'm thinking of buying a Corona for ☐ myself ☐ a child. Please send free booklet.

Name _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____

MY TRIP TO FRANCE

My mother and I decided to go to France. We sailed on *La Normandie*. While on this ship I learned to speak a little French. One night when we had been on the ship a week our garcon (waiter) told us we would land the next day.

The next morning at about 10:30 we landed at Le Havre. We took a fast train to Paris. We got there about 12:30. We went to a hotel and got rooms and ate lunch. That afternoon we went to the Notre Dame Tower. When we went up we could see all over Paris, for we had bought some field glasses down on the street where an old man was selling them.

Then we went to see Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe. It was very interesting.

We were in a park when we saw a Punch and Judy show. The play was about the tricks and troubles of Guignole, as the French call Mr. Punch.

The next day we went to the bird market. Birds were sold there. I bought a small parrot. I named him *Napoleon*.

I did many other things in France. There is not room to write them all.

KATHLEEN NEILL WHITE,
Warsaw, Mo.

Aged 9½

Dear Miss Barrows:

Last Christmas my grandmother, for a gift, gave my mother, brother, and me a trip to Montreal. There we saw the Notre Dame Cathedral, which was very beautiful; it is modeled after the large cathedral in France. We also visited Ramey Chateau, once the home of the eleventh governor of Montreal, and now filled with interesting furniture and articles from the past.

Sixty-five per cent of Montreal's million people are of French descent. On the trolleys and streets one can hear people speaking French.

One afternoon we took a motor-bus tour of the city. On this tour we saw the church where there are many crutches, braces, and canes left by cripples whom Brother Andrew has cured. Brother Andrew is a monk who is a doctor. Also on the tour we visited the world's largest drug store, Du Quette's. There we saw "Pere Noel," the French Santa Claus.

Returning home we ate breakfast on the train, which was a real treat.

I wish some children who read Child Life would write to me.

An interested reader,

MARCIA POWER,
Canton, N. Y.

Aged 10

Strange Bait

Peter Goes Fishing—With a Rake—And Solves a Mystery

By Lois Kennedy Plasman

WHEN Peter De Vries reached the top of the wooden steps which ran up to the Five D's cottage from the Lake Michigan beach, he saw his sister, Henrietta, sitting on the bottom porch step crying. "What's the matter, Henkie?" he inquired instantly. If Henrietta cried there was always a good reason for it.

"Aunt Hattie had lost her antique gold locket and chain," was Henrietta's explanation.

"Oh," mumbled Peter.

Aunt Hattie was their mother's aunt, the children's great-aunt. She was making a month's visit at Macatawa Park, and she had kept the entire household in a constant state of turmoil ever since her arrival a week ago. The children, even though they stood in some awe of her, reviled in the excitement that she stirred up.

"It was that gorgeous one with the carved bird and bird's nest on the top side," Henrietta sobbed again. "It was the one she promised she was going to will to me, too, because I'm named for her."

Peter remembered the locket very well, for it was the only piece of jewelry his aunt had worn since she came. It was large and striking in appearance—a family heirloom.

"When did she lose it?"

"This morning. That is, she missed it this morning."

"Aw, it'll turn up. She's always forgetting what she does with her stuff. Don't you know that yet?"

Henrietta cast him a grateful glance, then got up and went into the house. Peter moved up onto the porch and sprawled out in the porch swing.

"Now, Aunt Hattie, are you sure you haven't had it since yesterday morning?" Peter overheard his mother talking to Aunt Hattie in the living room.

"I tell you for the hundredth time that the last I saw of it was when I was showing all my jewelry to Henrietta. Are you sure your maid is reliable?"

Peter was furious. The very idea of suspecting Amanda, who had lived with the family since the children were babies! Why, they loved her almost as much as their mother.

Continuing their conversation, Mrs. De Vries went over everything Aunt Hattie had done the previous day, and Aunt Hattie insisted again that she had put all her jewelry away when the gong sounded for luncheon. After luncheon that day Peter's parents had taken her perch fishing. Aunt Hattie couldn't sit still in a rowboat, or any place else for that matter, so she had moved her cushion suddenly to a spot where there was no boat and sat herself in Black Lake.

Peter chuckled to himself as he relived the scene. He had happened to be riding along the shore road on his bicycle and had stopped to see if the grown-ups were landing any perch. In spite of himself he had laughed when Aunt Hattie came up spluttering, holding to the end of the boat with one hand. His father had quickly rowed toward shore, and Aunt Hattie had walked out, dripping, none the worse except for a scratch on the back of her neck and a torn dress. Peter suddenly remembered something else, too, and decided that he would go upstairs and coax his sister to put on her bathing suit and go fishing. He'd better hurry if he were going to prevent his aunt from questioning Amanda.

A few minutes later Henrietta stepped into their flat-bottomed rowboat, while Peter leaned the rake against the open boathouse door and stepped inside. He came out with a dirty Mason jar in one hand and a flashlight in the other. He put the rake, the jar, and the flashlight into the bow of the boat and threw in some fishing line that had been left on the landing. Then he jumped in himself, untied the boat, and pushed away with a shove from one of the oars.

Henrietta, completely mystified, viewed these proceedings in silence. Why was he taking a flashlight and a rake along if they were going fishing?

"Where are we going, Peter?" she asked, as he adjusted the oar in the lock.

"Over around that sunken sailboat where the folks were perch fishing yesterday."

Peter let the boat drift while he reached for the Mason jar. He unscrewed the lid, and removed the rubber band. He laid them on the floor of the boat in front of him. Then he turned around and sent the jar rolling slowly along the floor toward Henrietta. "Dump that dirt out of it and those dead worms. Wash it clean, too, while I row."

"What are you going to use for bait?"

"You'll see," promised Peter very mysteriously.

They were silent for a long time. Then Henrietta tried to make conversation again. "Do you think Aunt has found her locket yet?"

"Nope," was Peter's only answer. "Aunt Hattie blames Amanda. It's awful."

When they reached the fishing grounds, Peter maneuvered his boat until it lay firmly wedged against the sunken sailboat. Picking up the flashlight he turned it on, and noticed that the usually strong light looked pale in the daytime. He slid it carefully into the Mason jar with the lighted end down, adjusted the rubber band and screwed the lid back on. Then he submerged it over the side of the boat to see if it were water-tight.

"Peter, what are you doing?" Henrietta's curiosity had gotten too much for her.

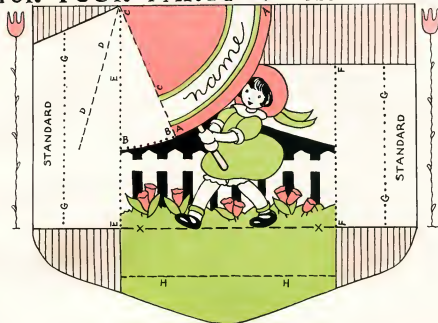
"This is a new kind of bait." Peter

[Continued on page 237]



"Peter, what are you doing?" Henrietta's curiosity had gotten too much for her

MAKE AN EASY PLACE CARD FOR YOUR PARTY · BY HAZEL FRAZEE



DIRECTIONS

If you are going to have a birthday party make some of these place cards for it.

Trace this diagram and illustration and then retrace and color as you wish. You will need white envelopes 6 inches by 3½ inches, which you can get at any dime store. This diagram just fits an envelope of that size. Be sure envelope is right side up but with flap at bottom before you trace, or it won't be right.

Trace carefully. First cut away all striped spaces. Cut on circular line A-A. Then carefully continue cutting dotted line B-B, but only through top thickness of envelope (Figure 1).

Fold paper backward on the green dotted lines; fold paper

forward on pink dotted lines. Fold the top thickness of envelope backward on dotted line C-C. Now place fold C-C on dotted line D-D and, holding in that position, press parasol flat and crease at outer edge (Figure 2). When you color the parasol you have traced, color this outer edge, too.

Unfold, and fold backward on dotted lines E-E and F-F. Fold forward on dotted lines G-G and paste to back of envelope, leaving the two parts loose for standard in the back. You may find you will have to cut the center of the back of the envelope, so it won't bulge after you have pasted folds back in place. Fold flap back along H-H and paste. Fold forward at X-X for standard in front. Write name on parasol. If you make several cards you should make the parasols a different color for each person.



Kedettes mocassin oxfords of gabardine weaves, vamp-longue of peachskin. All white; white with blue, green, or red; blue or brown with white. Wedge or collage heels.

Kedettes saddle oxfords of gabardine weaves. All white; white with blue, green, or red; peachskin saddles; blue or brown with white. Wedge heels.



Gabardine weave T-Strap pump for children. All white; white with blue or red; blue or brown with white. Silky insole. Washable.

Kedettes are made by the makers of Keds and Gayfers. At the better stores \$1.30 to \$3.35

United States Rubber Company

United States Rubber Products, Inc.
1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



101 PRIZES

WIN ONE OF THEM YOURSELF

in Exciting New Hobby Club Contest

YOU have written us many interesting letters about your hobbies. Now we want to see what your hobbies look like. So send us a picture of yourself with your hobby. Perhaps it will show you holding your stamp collection or standing in front of your collection of dolls. Perhaps it will show you drawing or modeling with clay, or holding a model airplane or boat that you have made. Perhaps it will show you taking care of your pets or sewing, or working in your garden. But whatever your hobby is, send us a picture that shows you either at work upon it or displaying it.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES—101 OF THEM

FIRST PRIZE—For the most interesting picture, we shall give as a prize a crisp new \$10.00 bill.

SECOND TO FIFTH PRIZES—A crisp new one-dollar bill.

FIFTH TO 101ST PRIZES—For boys: An interesting book about "Airplanes" by John T. McCoy. For girls: "The Sew-It Book," with many fascinating things to make by Rachel Taft Dixon, or "The Jolly Times Cook Book" by Marjorie Noble Osborn.

HERE ARE THE RULES

1. Send a picture (a snapshot will do, so long as it is clear) of you and your hobby, in time to reach this office not later than June 1, 1937. Address Hobby Contest Editor, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.
2. Be sure to give us your name, age and address, on the back of your picture.
3. If you have already had a letter about your hobby published in the Child Life Hobby Club, write (on the back of your picture) in what issue of CHILD LIFE it appeared. If you have not ever had a letter published in the Child Life Hobby Club, send a letter along with your picture. Your letter should not be more than 350 words long. In it, tell us about one hobby only.

Winning Pictures in August

4. Prize winners will be announced in the August issue of CHILD LIFE. In case of tie, duplicate awards will be made. Some of the winning pictures will be published.

there is 

- **swimming**
AT PHANTOM RANCH
5000 FEET DOWN
- **riding**
ON BREATH-CATCHING
TRAILS OR THRU THE
FOREST
- **dancing**
AT BRIGHT ANGEL
TO COWBOY MUSIC
- **motoring**
TO FAMOUS LOOKOUT
POINTS ALONG THE RIM
- **thrill**
FOR THOSE WHO
WANT IT, AND
- **peace**
FOR THOSE WHO
NEED IT

at the
Grand Canyon

We cannot hope to describe the Grand Canyon adequately, where 2,000,000 others have failed in the 35 years since the Santa Fe made it accessible. But we have tried to picture, in **Grand Canyon Outings**, something of what you may expect to find on this most famous of all western sightseers on the way to or from California. The coupon below will bring the booklet to you.

The Santa Fe is the only railroad entering Grand Canyon National Park, with daily through air-conditioned Pullmans on the Grand Canyon Limited, and convenient connections on other fine California trains, including the *Scenic*, swift new economy train, entirely for coach and tourist Pullman passengers, and with Fred Harvey diner serving delicious meals at 90c per day.

California this summer via Santa Fe
• air-conditioned comfort •
New Speed • Low Cost

W. J. Black, P. T. M., Santa Fe 50c, Elms
1075 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois
Send Grand Canyon Outings booklet and information about fares

from _____ to _____
Name _____
Address _____

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the KLEENEX HABIT

soothes tender noses!

• Have some consideration for your family! It's cruel to torture tender noses during colds. So put aside handkerchiefs and adopt the Kleenex Habit the instant sniffles start! These soothing tissues save noses, save money as they reduce handkerchief washing.

Yes, here's a habit that's good for everyone! Kleenex tends to remain germs, thus checks the spread of colds through the family. Use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room
And in Your Car, too

To remove face creams and cosmetics... To apply powder, rouge... To dust and polish... For the baby... And in the car—to wipe bands, windshield and greasy spots.



No waste! No mess!
Pull a tissue—the
next one pops up
ready for use.

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

Strange Bait

(Continued from page 234)

said and laughed at her bewilderment. Peter next tied the Mason jar, with its contents to the end of the rake handle with the fishing line. Then he slowly lowered it into the water. The hull of the old boat showed up plainly.

"Gee, Pete! Look at the school of perch," said Henrietta. "I want the scize."

"Didn't bring it." To Henrietta's surprise, Peter was not a bit excited or even interested in the fish.

"Gosh! I'm working along the wrong end. Got turned around."

He wriggled his way to the stern beside Henrietta. Again he lowered his light, until the children saw the sailboat again and the hole in her hull that had been the cause of her sinking. It was a jagged opening, and one slivered board projected way out. Peter ran the light slowly and carefully along this part and noticed that it tapered to a thin point.

"Oh, Pete! Oh, Pete! Oh, Pete! Do you see it?" Henrietta squealed in a high pitched voice. Caught on the end of this point was Aunt Hattie's antique gold chain.

The light was as far down as Peter could lower it. So instead of answering her, he ordered, "Hold the rake handle until I get over the side of the boat."

Peter now held onto the stern of the rowboat with his left hand and took the rake handle again in his right. He let the light down slowly and cautiously into the water now. Both children saw the open ends of the chain. Still lower Peter let the light go. There lay the shining yellow gold locket on the sandy bottom of Black Lake. It reflected the light from the flashlight.

"I'll have to dive for it, Heinie. Here, take the rake. Hold it as low as you can."

Henrietta was only too eager to help. Peter had to make three attempts before he brought up the locket, but the chain was easy to get. He gave them both to Henrietta, who slid them into her pocket for safe-keeping while Peter untied the Mason jar from the rake handle and turned off the flashlight.

"Aunt Hattie must have gotten that scratch on the back of her neck and torn her dress on that pointed stick," Henrietta's head had begun to work. "How did you think to look in the lake for the locket?"

"She fell in there yesterday, didn't she?" Peter asked. "And she's worn that locket every day since she's been here, hasn't she?"

The children hurried home to show the rescued treasure. Aunt Hattie and their mother were sitting on the broad front porch knitting, and Henrietta laid the locket and chain in her aunt's lap.

"Where did you find it?" demanded Aunt Hattie.

"We just got it out of Black Lake where you were fishing yesterday," explained Peter. "Whatever made you think to look there?" asked his mother.

Peter instantly answered, "I remembered seeing something flash brightly in the sunlight as Aunt Hattie fell in."

When the story of the recovery was finally told with all its details, Aunt Hattie handed the precious heirloom to Henrietta. "Here, child, it's yours. Take better care of it than your aunt did. Now kiss me." And Aunt Hattie fastened the lovely ornament around Henrietta's neck.



Johnny Pineapple
says:

Hawaiian chiefs in days of old,
Were men of strength and men
quite bold,
Their cloaks were made of feath-
ers rare,
And of good food they got their
share.

For all their strength, for all
their show,
One treat they never did have,
though—
Hawaii's best, take it from me,
Pineapple Juice D-O-L-E.

Hawaiian Pineapple Company,
Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A.
—Sales Offices: San Francisco.

DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII



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HERE YOU ARE, BOYS and GIRLS THINGS TO MAKE and PATTERNS TO MAKE THEM WITH . . .

anyone can do

CRAYOLA
Handcrafts

anyone can do

WAX CRAYON

Child

EASY-TO-FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS

that tell you just how to make such things as a Hobby Book, Knitting Bag, etc. How to cut initials for stencils; and many other fascinating things you will enjoy doing. . . all in this illustrated booklet of "CRAYOLA HANDCRAFTS."

You can get your copy **FREE**

... just send the flap from your box of Crayola Wax Crayon and this very attractive little book will be sent right away.

If you have no Crayola Crayons, ask for them at your dealers.

Manufactured only by
RINNEY & SMITH CO.
Dept. 75, 41 East 42nd St., New York

drawing, had made it, and it showed a long-ago family sitting around a bonfire.

"We take modern lighting for granted," said Miss Judson, "forgetting what people in the past have done to make it possible. We forget, too, how many people are working right now to give us light. Why doesn't each of you look up something about electricity in the encyclopedia this week? Then you will be better equipped to enjoy the trip we are going to take next Saturday through our local power plant. When we want a light we just press a button, but it takes a great many men working together to make it possible for us to do this."

We shall be glad to cooperate with you in organizing a branch league among your pupils and shall send pins for them and a handbook. Address Frances Cavannah, manager, Child Life Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

The Boy With Magic

(Continued from page 203)

When the boy was twelve years old he begged to be allowed to make some money for himself so that he could buy more chemicals. Making experiments costs a great deal of money, and his father could not give him so much. At last he was allowed to sell newspapers on a train.

More than that, he was allowed to keep his bottles in a corner of one of the cars, so that he could work during his spare moments on the train just as he had worked in the cellar at home. But one day the train gave a sudden jerk, and a stick of phosphorus fell on the floor. The same jerk sent the boy sprawling, and before he could pick himself up the floor was burning. The conductor put out the fire. Then beside himself with anger, he gave the boy a sound boxing on the ears. This fit of anger had dreadful consequences, for ever after the boy was lard of hearing.

That was the end of his selling papers and making experiments on a train. But he found it hard to keep away from the railroad. One day as he stood at the little station watching the express coming swiftly toward him, suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. For there on the track before him, loddled the station master's baby boy. The next instant the boy with magic jumped. Another jump back to the platform and the baby was safe, though a tap on the heel by one of the swiftly rolling wheels told the boy that only by a fraction of a second had they both escaped death.

"Never, never, can I repay you," gasped the station master. "My son's life is more precious to me than anything else in the world. What can I do for you? Whatever I can do, I will do."

The boy thought a moment. "Will you teach me telegraphy?" he asked.

Telegraphy proved to be a wand for that magic in his head. At that time only one message at a time could be sent on a wire. He worked on his magic until he could send two at one time. Then four. Nor did he stop until six messages could be sent flying over one wire at the same time. And today, wherever men use the telephone or the telegraph, wherever electric light is used, wherever the voice of the radio is heard, wherever men listen to music played by hands long still, the name of Thomas Alva Edison is revered.

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.
CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.
PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show I am a good citizen.

The Story of Light

OUTSIDE it was dark, but Miss Judson, counselor of the — Grade Good Citizens' League, only pressed a button and the schoolroom was flooded with light. "We are so used to artificial light," she said, "that it is hard to realize that men did not always have it."

"Yes, my grandmother used coal oil lamps," said Joan. "Her grandmother didn't have anything but candles."

"And a long time before that," Miss Judson went on, "when people wanted a light they simply had to kindle a bonfire in the middle of the floor. Then they began to use 'kindle lights'—pieces of kindling lighted at one end, and it was noticed that they burned better when smeared with pitch or tallow. Thus was the torch invented. When people began putting the pitch or tallow into a clay cup, and setting fire to it, we had our first lamp. The first candle was a lump of tallow dipped in hot melted tallow, and then people learned to pour the tallow into molds. More years passed and gas lamps were invented."

"It was a long time before Edison invented the electric light," said Dick.

The First Electric Light

"Edison didn't invent it, although he did give us the incandescent lamp that made it possible for us to use electric lights on a

large scale. In fact, just about three-fourths of American homes are lighted by electricity today. But the very first electric light—an arc lamp—was invented in England in 1801 by Sir Humphrey Davy, and for years before that other men had been working on the problems of electricity. As long ago as 600 B.C. the Greeks learned that by rubbing amber it would attract to it small bits of cork. It is from the Greek word *electron* (meaning amber) that we get our word *electricity*."

On the blackboard Miss Judson wrote a list of famous men of the past whose discoveries had helped give us electricity: Galvani, Volta, Von Gairich, Hauksbee, Du Fay, Van Kleef, Von Musschenbroek and America's own Benjamin Franklin who was the first to prove that electricity and lightning are the same. Each member looked up the story of one of these men and told it at the next meeting.

A Lighting Scrapbook

The following week the members collected pictures showing modern lighting, clipped from magazines, catalogues and newspapers. These showed, among other things, a flood-lighted football field with a game in progress, views of cities looking like Fairyland at night, illuminated fountains and advertising signs, floodlighted streets and highways that made travel safer, recent World Fair night views, and rooms lighted for more comfortable seeing. They pasted these in a scrapbook called "The Story of Lighting" on the first page of which was a water color drawing called "The First Light." Russell, who was very good at

A Visitor From the Circus

(Continued from page 801)

Around a bend they came upon a one-seated vehicle. The horse hitched to it was cropping grass in leisurely fashion, while the young man and young girl, seated in the seclusion of the wagon hood, talked earnestly together.

Before the boys could prevent him, Patches, who seemed to be of an inquisitive disposition, stretched his neck around a tree and thrust it through the back window of the buggy!

The young lady did not notice Patches' halter, and the shrieks of the bus passengers were as nothing compared to hers, as she was thus rudely disturbed. It was a boa constrictor, no less, she told the young man, who had not had as good a view of the intruder as she had.

In alarm the boys shortened their grasp on Patches' rope, and hurried down a near-by path, and were soon out of sight.

"I'm glad we're nearly home!" Hunny said, mopping his face. "We can't go 'round the country scaring people to death this way!"

It was lucky, they thought, when at last they reached the shelter of their own barn, that no one was about. Some warning of Patches' presence, they felt, was necessary before he was introduced.

"Let's tie him here under the loft," Maurice suggested, "until we have time to go down to the house and tell people about him. His neck's so long he can reach up through the opening over the ladder and get as much hay as he wants!"

Following this plan the little left Patches to himself and hurried down the little valley to their home on the lake shore. As it turned out they found that their mother had visitors, some ladies who had driven over from a neighboring lake to have tea with her, and Hunny and Maurice decided to put off telling their news until the guests had gone.

But it seemed as if Patches was unwilling to wait until he was properly announced, or perhaps he was just lonesome for his new masters. At any rate, the minute the boys left, the giraffe in some way managed to get the rope loose from the hook where Hunny had tied it, and started down the valley.

But instead of using the driveway, he kept to the shade of the trees beside it, and walking around the house arrived in front of it without anyone's seeing him, and planted himself in a bed of nasturtiums below a corner of the high veranda. At the moment when the boys' mother was serving slices of strawberry shortcake to her guests, Patches took a notion to raise his long neck above the level of the railing near which they were all seated.

The young giraffe probably was prompted only by friendly curiosity, but the apparition of his strange head, protruding through the mass of vines which hid the rest of him from view, threw the tea-party into utter consternation.

Squalls of terror rent the air; chairs were overturned, plates crashed to the floor, and ladies who had not run in many years raced one another down the long porch to the shelter of the house.

Not understanding that he was the cause of this panic, Patches stretched his neck farther over the railing and thrust his nose

MARIONETTES and STAGE

GET YOURS
by eating . . .

"OLD NICK"
Candy Bar



*Wholesome,
Educational Fun
for Boys, Girls,
Parents, Teachers!*



Choice of
Boys or
Girls

★Now it is possible to obtain Marionettes, the latest big hit of the day by sending in only 3 "Old Nick" Candy Bar Wrappers and 25c to cover cost of mailing! Wrapped with every piece of candy is a completely illustrated circular showing actual pictures of Marionettes for your selection, giving complete instructions and how to get them! Originated by a famous designer of Marionettes, every character is complete in itself and there are four different ones from which to choose. Together they make an attractive group and with the specially constructed Marionette Stage, it is easy to give real Marionette shows and have a world of enjoyment. Marionettes come in individually packed kits including costume, pattern and complete operating instructions.

50 BICYCLES GIVEN AWAY FREE!

Every one who receives a Marionette Kit will find a coupon enclosed that entitles him to submit a name for a new candy bar. The 50 persons submitting the best names will each receive a famous Streamlined RANGER Sport Model Bike shown on the left. Contest closes midnight July 1st, 1937, so get started today!

SCHUTTER CANDY CO. 1013 N. Cicero Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Start Eating this Delicious Candy Bar Today!

"OLD NICK"

Always on hand at your favorite dealer!

into that portion of the short cake remaining on the table.

Fortunately for the reason of his mother's guests, covering in the living room, Hunny arrived at this moment. With a shout of explanation that the visitor was "only a giraffe," he leaped over the veranda railing and caught the trailing rope around Patches' neck.

But before he could drag the giraffe away and up the road to the barn, Hunny's mother came out on the porch. From her set expression Hunny saw that, although she was usually ready to laugh at her children's pranks, this time she was not going to see the humor of the situation.

"Hunny Mason!" she cried. "I don't know where you got that dreadful creature, but you can just take him back where he came from as fast as you can!"

"Oh, Mother! The man said we could keep him two or three days and—" Hunny began, but his explanation was cut short.

"March along, young man! March!"

With Patches trotting docilely behind him, Hunny walked dejectedly back toward the barn, meditating on the unkindness of fate. He had tried so hard to be good to this poor dumb animal but his efforts were not appreciated. Nobody cared!

At this point in his reflections he was interrupted by a soft nudge at the back of his neck. Turning he looked into the moist black eyes of Patches who was licking strawberry-colored whipped cream from his lips with an expression of soulful enjoyment.

Hunny smiled and stroked Patches' long, spotted neck affectionately. After all, the boy felt, somebody did appreciate him!



END IRONING DAY DRUDGERY

We invite you Now to break away from hard starches, their bother and waste of time and strength. Change to this powdered complete starching and ironing compound. Irons never stick, you get no spots or rings. You prepare perfect hot starch without boiling! Then you iron speedily, beautifully, happily. It's wonderfully different.



Write for
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and . . . "That

Wonderful Way To Hot Starch"

THE HUBINGER CO., 379 Keokuk, Ia.

SEE FOR YOURSELF



Do You Want To Win a Prize?

(See Page 236)

Murillo and His Story-Telling Pictures

(1617-1682)

See Child Life Picture Pages

By Helen Boyd

PROTECT

your loved ones with a
Rt. Bernardini Glass
type picture of this
little brown cat
photographed
with its little
paw on its head.

Write today!
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If your child is between four and six years old he will be fascinated by Calvert School's new "Work-Play Course." Attractive materials for a full year of interesting activity—play that develops the child, constructive hand-work and training preparation for the next grade.

At five cost you can give your child kindergarten advantages . . . at home. Write today for free booklet about "Kindergarten at Home" and other Calvert School courses for children as kindly endorsed by educators.

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15 Tuxedo Road, Baltimore, Maryland
Please send me your booklet on "Kindergarten at Home" and other interesting courses for children

Name
Address
City State Child's Age

BARTOLOMÉ ESTERAN MURILLO's pictures are always popular. One reason is because the people and objects in them look so real. The interesting little beggar boys, and the girl who is buying fruit, in the Murillo pictures printed in CHILD LIFE this month, probably look very much like the boys and girls whom Murillo saw around him in the market place in Seville, Spain. There, at the fair each week, he found many things to paint. Some of the pictures that he painted in the market he sold to people who came to buy and sell fruit and vegetables. If a customer did not like some part of a picture, he would tell the artist so. Murillo was good-natured, however, and he would change the picture to suit the buyer's fancy. He had to be good natured about it, for he depended on the money he earned in this way for his living.

When Murillo had earned enough money, he went to Madrid and, with the great painter Velasquez's help, he learned how many of the famous masters worked. Upon his return to Seville two years later, his new pictures delighted his friends and he soon became famous for his paintings in the churches. One is called the "Madonna of the Napkin." He painted it for a cook at a convent on an ordinary table napkin, which was all the cook had to offer for a canvas. You will see it reproduced among the other Murillo pictures on page 216.

In the seventeenth century, when Murillo lived, many of the people could not read or write, and pictures that told them stories were very much loved. Murillo wanted everyone to like his work, so he painted pictures that everyone could understand

CHILD LIFE HOBBY CLUB

(Continued from page 830)

Pictures of Hobby Club Members

Dear Miss Barrows:

I have two hobbies. One is music and the second one is very new. It started when my brother was talking about pictures. I was reading the new CHILD LIFE and I was looking at a picture of one of the Hobby Club members, and I started to collect pictures of Hobby Club members. So that is my second hobby.

In music I take piano lessons, and I have



a big scrapbook which I paste pictures of composers in when I find them. My second hobby is an unusual one. I haven't seen anybody who has it. Some day I hope to be able to play the organ, and I also hope to have a big collection of pictures.

Will somebody please write me?

In the picture I am sending you there is myself, when 9, my friend Nancy and my brother, Charles.

An Interested CHILD LIFE reader,

PEGGY BENJAMIN,
Rochester, N. Y.

Age 10

Making Wool Flowers

Dear Miss Barrows:

I enjoy Child Life and all of its contents, joining in its activities, reading it from cover to cover and fully using it to the best of my ability.

I find pleasure in making scrapbooks, making tapestries and writing poems but am even more interested in creating with my own hands wool flowers on forks. I know it sounds queer but it's really loads of fun and it doesn't take long. I tie a knot of some colored yarn at the lower right-hand corner of the fork and weave in and out crosswise, always bringing the thread around after I finish a row. When I am nearly to the top, I tie a knot at the left.

Then I take another strand and put it through the middle prong at the bottom and I do the same thing at the top lengthwise and tie the two ends once, but not in a knot. I pull this contraption off the fork, pull the string tight and then tie it once more. Thus I have a flower but if I want to make a bouquet, I do this five times. The sixth time, to make a nice center, do it with a different color and tie them all together.

A Child Life reader,

DOROTHEA ULLMANN,
Chicago, Ill.

Age 11

Robert and Ruth Learn... HOW MAZDA LAMPS GOT THEIR NAME



When Robert and Ruth visited the General Electric Company at Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio, this is the story the guide told them about MAZDA LAMPS:

"The name MAZDA comes from an ancient form of religious worship, in which light and fire were considered as a god—Ahura Mazda, or Divine Wisdom. Light was the dwelling place of Ahura Mazda, and his sign, the winged circle, probably denoted the flight of the sun across the heavens.



"For centuries after the Magi, the world still continued to use fires of some sort to dispel darkness. The candle or coal oil lamp were once the best lights obtainable. In 1879, Thomas A. Edison invented the incandescent electric lamp and gave to the world inexpensive, clean, safe, and more adequate illumination.



"If the wise priests of Mazda were alive today, they would be the first to tell you to care for your eyes. One way to do this is to give your eyes enough good light to see by at all times.



"The priests of the Persian god Mazda, under the profound prophet Zoroaster, were called Magi or Magicians. They carried trays of burning oil during their rituals. In wisdom and learning, their reputation survives even until today. So inspirational was the Mazdean faith, that it is credited with making the Persians the great empire builders they were.



"Despite the tremendous advancement Edison's invention was to lighting, the General Electric Company has vastly improved its MAZDA lamp, successor to Edison's original. Today, G. E. makes electric lights for every purpose—from tiny surgical lamps to huge beacon lights which light our airways—with precision and skill based on years of research and experience.



"The trade mark MAZDA, adopted by General Electric in 1909, is not the name of a thing, but rather a mark of a research service. It was chosen because the god of light was Mazda, and so the Persians, light was knowledge. Fittingly, therefore, MAZDA service stands for the accumulation of knowledge which will result in constantly improved quality in lamps that bear this mark."

by appointment
to his **M**ajesty!

Royal feasts for tiny tots—these Heinz Strained Foods—tasty and nourishing with the flavor and wholesome goodness of garden-fresh vegetables



Make no mistake about it, here's the head of the house. He's every cuddly inch, a monarch—from his toes to the tip of his crown—of curls.

At feeding time when the merry young soul calls lustily for his cup and bowl—and the porringer is filled with strained foods made by Heinz—we're proud, indeed!

Here at Heinz we say *babies are people* and strained foods, intended for them—like all the rest of the 57 varieties—must have taste appeal as well as nutritive value. And tests show that members of the high-chair aristocracy seem to prefer Heinz Strained Foods! Since exposure to the air is known to dissipate vitamins, Heinz Strained Foods are cooked in air-tight containers and vacuum packed in enamel-lined tins. Every can bears the coveted Seal of Acceptance of the American Medical Association's Council on Foods.

The next time you heat Heinz Strained Foods—taste them. Notice the fresh-from-the-garden flavor, the attractive color. See if you don't agree that it's a dainty dish to set before your Prince Charming—and his sister.

11 KINDS—1. Strained Vegetable Soup. 2. Bean. 3. Green Beans. 4. Spinach. 5. Carrots. 6. Beans. 7. Prunes. 8. Cereal. 9. Tomatoes. 10. Apples and Apple Sauce. 11. Mixed Greens.



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